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WITH SUPPLEMENT:
THE CHAMBERLAIN BANQUET } SIXPENCE.



THE BIRMINGHAM BANQUET TO THE COLONIAL SECRETARY: MR. AND MRS. CHAMBERLAIN ARRIVING AT THE TOWN HALL.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT BIRMINGHAM.

In the vestibule was a guard of honour formed of Crimean veterans, one of whom appears on the right of the picture. To the old soldiers Mr. Chamberlain spoke as he entered.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Some people, I notice, are angry with Mr. Kruger because he has put his name to a book full of errors. They do him an injustice. If he were an impartial historian he would not be the interesting personality we know—all temper and texts. Besides, illustrious exiles are apt to take distorted views. At St. Helena, Napoleon dictated some memoirs which are not exactly trustworthy. His feelings towards the British people were very like Mr. Kruger's, though they lacked piety. What he thought of us does not matter much; but the operations of such a mind are fascinating. Mr. Kruger's mind is not Napoleonic, but it would be distinguished if only for its unvacillating belief in Paul Kruger. His religious faith has a Moslem rigour and simplicity. There is only one God, and Kruger is His Prophet. The English reject the Prophet; therefore they are infidel dogs, full of all manner of wickedness. Naturally, this view relieves Mr. Kruger's recital of controversy from any burden of evidence. It suffices to say that his political opponents are all bad men; and such of his own countrymen as openly distrusted his judgment before the war must have a shrewd suspicion that he puts them in the same pillory.

In the *North American Review*, that edifying moralist, Mr. F. W. Reitz, explains that the terms of peace are not binding on the conscience of the Boer people, because they were compulsory. Compulsion, I believe, is customary in terms of peace, as these are imposed by the victor, and not by the vanquished. Mr. Reitz thinks that the vanquished should have the terms that suit them best, and that, failing these, they are not morally bound by surrender. I wonder what Lee would have said, after Appomattox, if some casuist of the Reitz type had told him that the document to which he put his signature was not binding on his conscience. Mr. Reitz assures the world that he signed the terms at Vereeniging in a "representative" and not an individual capacity, and that Lord Kitchener recognised the distinction. I surmise that Lord Kitchener did not think it worth while to argue with a man whose signature was to represent everybody but himself. Even that curious pledge is now repudiated, and Mr. Reitz's signature remains, so to speak, like Mahomet's coffin, suspended between heaven and earth. As he is lecturing in America, I shall be curious to know how his sympathisers there reconcile his attitude with any existing code of obligations. And what do they think of Viljoen, Kritzinger, and others who fought valiantly against us, but now declare that the fight to a finish ended the feud for good and all? That was Lee's doctrine for the South. Perhaps some engaging Anglophobe in America will show us why it does not apply to South Africa; also why it is so like British perfidy to help the Boers with free grants instead of leaving them, as the Southerners were left, to sink or swim.

Mr. W. D. Howells, in his essays on "Literature and Life," says it is a sin and a shame for a poet to be paid for his emotions. The whole literary calling, thinks Mr. Howells, ought to be sustained by the community as an act not of bounty, but of duty. The imperfect civilisation of this country does permit the Government to carry bounty so far as an occasional pension from the Civil List for some poor author or his widow. The whole sum assigned for authors is a beggarly twelve hundred a year; and if the Chancellor of the Exchequer were to make an adequate provision in the Budget on the basis of national duty, he would promptly be howled from office. I agree in principle with Mr. Howells. The whole scribbling tribe of us ought to be quartered on the country. Citizens who refused to pay the Authors' Tax ought to have their chattels distrained, and be put in the stocks. How gleefully we should write satirical verses on this spectacle, verses for which we should be paid, of course, by the local authority! An official would call round twice a week, and say, "Any poetry to-day?" and the neat-handed Phyllis who opened the door to him would answer, "Yes, Sir. Master's gone for a drive in his motor-car, but he left this 'Ode to a Refractory Gentleman in the Stocks.' Fifteen guineas, please." "By all means," the courteous official would say, whipping on his cheque-book or his bag of gold. And when the poet returned from his drive he would toss the coins in the air, bid his wife put on her best evening frock, and take her triumphantly to dine in the East Room of the Criterion Restaurant.

Sad that this should be a mere speculation, and even a rhapsody! Sadder still that the literary man is so injured to the sin and shame that he takes without a blush all the money he can get from editors and publishers! The poet turns his heartstrings into music, and sells it in the most sordid way, that he may have the wherewithal to pay the butcher and baker and candlestick-maker. The novelist produces a romance of the gravest import to the moral welfare of mankind, a romance that readjusts Christianity and puts the Papacy in its proper place, and (you will scarcely believe it) that novelist is as keen

about his "circulation" and his "prices" as if he were a common vendor of boots. If you question him about this anomaly, he will say, "My good man, if I write the best book of which I am capable, where is the indignity of selling it? Is Howells any less conscientious a workman because he sells his work to a publisher and not to the United States Treasury? If the Chancellor of the Exchequer were good enough to buy my little compositions for free distribution to the public, should I be any more earnest in my admonitions to the Pope than I am now? Go to! All this talk about the sin and shame of selling literary wares is moonshine. You might as well say that a statesman cannot righteously serve his country if he takes a salary. Would Gladstone or Salisbury have been a more upright man had he held office for nothing?"

You see how sophistry may corrode even the finest intelligence. I should like Sir Edward Clarke's opinion on this point. He is the man to put us right in matters of literary taste and morals. He has lately given counsel's opinion on the rise and fall of English literature in the nineteenth century. Since 1860 we have produced no great writers. Counsel does not appear to have read George Eliot, or George Meredith, or Thomas Hardy. He looks at France, nods pleasantly to Victor Hugo, but does not perceive Balzac. I am sorry for this; for what a treat it would be to have Balzac in the witness-box, cross-examined on the principles of literature and morals by Sir Edward Clarke! Zola is there, or rather Zola is in the dock, thundered at by the counsel for the prosecution as "a calamity to his country." What a pity that Anatole France (a writer probably unknown to Sir Edward Clarke) was unaware of this before he delivered at Zola's grave that speech which acclaimed him as one of the great champions of justice! It is well that we should get all these things in the right perspective, so as to know the really great writers when we see them, and not make the mistake, for example, of supposing that Balzac was more important than Béranger. Besides, Sir Edward Clarke, who has so often won the verdict of the British juryman, is just the guide one would choose in the paths of literature.

But I suddenly remember that the British juryman is inflexible on the rights of property; and here is Sir Edward assuming that two-thirds of Browning, who, it seems incidentally, was Tennyson's inferior in brains, ought to be forgotten. Now, if we forget two-thirds of Browning, what about his copyrights? The people who own them will appeal to the British juryman against Sir Edward, and he may whistle for the verdict that time. On the whole, I am inclined to think (especially as he is strong on education) that he had better drop literature, and get an engagement in the elementary schools as a lecturer against bad language. I have been reading a striking correspondence in which various persons known to fame have discussed the propriety of putting down bad language at all hazards. One lady proposes that school-teachers shall give their minds to this, and waste no more time on superfluous things such as "algebra, drawing, etc." A literary gentleman offers the deplorable suggestion that certain words, vetoed by refined society, but used in less fastidious circles by way of emphasis, have such etymological and historical interest that it would be a pity to discourage them. I suspect him of frivolity, not to say farce. If he is not careful he may become a calamity to his country. Sir Edward Clarke might have suggested an amendment to the Education Bill, providing that when he sees fit, the ordinary curriculum of school, especially the algebra, drawing, etc., shall be put aside, that he may impress upon the children the heinousness of the language they hear too often at street corners.

I have always thought that to be a blackmailer with a tolerable chance of success, it was necessary to acquaint oneself with the guilty secrets of one's neighbours. Suppose, for instance, that you decided to blackmail the First Lord of the Admiralty, it would be no use calling on him in the dead of the night, and demanding five pounds as the price of your silence about his nefarious design to sell the British Navy to France, unless you were quite sure of it. Nor would it be anything but a waste of time to waylay the Archbishop of Canterbury, and threaten him with exposure of the fact that he was a Roman Cardinal in disguise, if you did not know it to be a fact. All the blackmailers I have hitherto met in novels and plays have had something to go upon, and not the airy fabric of a nightmare. But it seems that the man who was convicted the other day of blackmailing a Dean actually accused that personage of having obtained his Deanery by embezzling the name and papers of another ecclesiastic! This the villain swore should be trumpeted abroad unless the Dean handed over one pound five. It is a comfort to know that, without losing his presence of mind for a moment, the undaunted Dean gave the blackmailer into custody. But I should like to feel sure that Mr. W. S. Gilbert, when he heard of this incident, did not promptly sit down to his desk and sketch the plot of a new comic opera.

PARLIAMENT.

The changes in the Education Bill are not easy to follow, but one thing is plain enough, and that is the proposal of the Government to increase the contribution from the Imperial Exchequer to elementary schools. This now stands at £1,300,000, or £400,000 more than formerly. Mr. Robson attacked the principle of the grant on the ground that it was an endowment of religious teaching by the Church of England. He said that the corn tax was levied for this purpose, and the necessities of life among the poorest of the poor were to be taxed to maintain a staff of "lay ecclesiastical teachers" in one particular denomination. Mr. Balfour replied that the principle of the grant had never been disputed before, that the money would be applied to the purposes of general education, and that the existing Board schools would benefit, as they had always done, in exactly the same proportion as the Voluntary schools.

The vexed question of evening schools came up on a subsection which drew a sharp line between such schools and elementary education. Dr. Macnamara complained that this would shut out many young people over the age of fifteen from the benefits of primary instruction. Sir John Gorst said it was not sound policy to cover the country with evening schools merely in order to qualify adults "to read the sporting intelligence." However, Mr. Balfour, while maintaining that these schools in the main should be comprehended within the province of secondary education, undertook to meet Dr. Macnamara's views in regard to districts where the evening school is really elementary.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE GIRL FROM KAY'S," AT THE APOLLO.

Superbly dressed, brilliantly cast, furnished with witty lines and lively melodies, the Apollo Theatre's new vaudeville has so many attractive features that Mr. George Edwardes has only to remove some stupid sham-Salvationist buffooneries which disfigure its second act to render "The Girl from Kay's" another of his current "musical comedy" successes. Even thus curtailed, Mr. Owen Hall's libretto should sufficiently challenge the susceptibilities of Dame Propriety, for its dialogue is often equivocal, and its sub-plot (let the term pass!) describes a millionaire's pursuit of a wideawake shop-girl. Still, it is these two characters—the rich vulgarian and the handsome milliner: the one a quaint burlesque creation, the other something like a study from life, the one vitalised by Mr. Edouin's breezy personality, the other given by Miss Ethel Irving the demurest sense of humour—which supply the best half of the fun at the Apollo. Such thin sentimental story as the play has, is concerned with a misunderstanding of a honeymoon couple, charmingly represented by Miss Kate Cutler and Mr. Louis Bradfield, who—the former in a sobbing song, the latter in a grumbling recitative, and both in a duet, entitled "Semi-Detached"—are assigned the best numbers of the score. Otherwise, the pretty dances of that old favourite, Miss Letty Lind, and two riotous ditties, admirably delivered by Miss Ella Snyder and Miss Irving, are the most popular "turns" of what should soon be made a very vivacious entertainment.

ART NOTES.

The interest of the exhibition organised by the Society of Portrait Painters at the New Gallery centres, as, indeed, it did a year ago, in the contributions made by Mr. Whistler, Mr. W. Nicholson, Mr. C. H. Shannon, and Signor Mancini. In the first three instances, the work is a little less noteworthy than that of 1901. In the case of Signor Mancini, whose fame has increased during the past twelve months, the three exhibits of this year are, all of them, more memorable than that by which, on the same walls, he first made acquaintance with many English picture-viewers.

Mr. Whistler's "Garnet and Gold: The Little Cardinal"—a title which has no relation to the subject and really very little with the colour—shows us a tiny girl, very low toned in its flesh-tints, and with an arrangement of hair and cap which recalls the Early Florentines. The face shows a little of that defective drawing which is a characteristic of the painter—the mouth wanders, and one side of the nose vanishes into nothingness; but the beauty of the surface, and the placing of the picture on the canvas, remain as delightful memories when most of the companion canvases of the gallery—some of them showing far surer draughtsmanship (such as No. 7)—are forgotten or teasing recollections. In Mr. C. H. Shannon's "Mother and Child" we have modern portraits, yet rendered with an air of solemn grandeur that should by no means be monopolised by conventionally religious subjects; while his "E. J. Van Wisselingh, Esq.," has, in a haunting degree, that gravity which we miss from the work of Mr. Brough, Mr. Llewellyn, Mr. Jack, and Mr. John Collier. Too dark both these canvases of Mr. C. H. Shannon's may be; they are faces seen in fog rather than in the shades of a clear atmosphere—the "brilliant darks"; and we have to think that this artist, whose works hold the second and third places of honour, flanking Mr. Whistler's solitary contribution, might learn a lesson from the master of tones in one important respect. Mr. Whistler gives to his girl's flesh the importance and significance of the highest illumination; whereas Mr. C. H. Shannon lets a scarf or a bit of linen take the brightness, somewhat to the distraction of the eye. From these memorable pictures we turn with a slight disappointment to Mr. William Nicholson's "Edward Russell, Morris Dancer"; for in this he has given us a property picture, something less than his best. The comedy of the countenance is caught, of course; and perhaps the flatness of the paint is the more apparent and the more unpleasant by reason of that interference with the normal standard of the eye which is caused by the two impasto pictures by Signor Mancini hung in the same room. "The Artist as St. Antonio Lazzarone" may be whimsical not only in its conception and title,

but the drawing and modelling of the face are triumphant; and so they are in the "Portrait of the Artist's Father," which, by the way, has been temporarily transferred to these walls from those of its possessor, Mr. Sargent, in Tite Street.

Of the four or five portraits by Mr. Watts, none is new; the finest is undoubtedly that of Joseph Joachim, although the decorative "Countess Somers" is of the number brought into the comparison. Mr. J. J. Shannon, A.R.A., here, as elsewhere, is so good that he tantalises us because he is not better. At any rate, he is making an effort to get free of his least agreeable mannerisms—the tormented background, and the air of a uniform Burlington Arcade dye. Mr. Lavery disappoints us this year again; and the large family group by M. Carolus Duran makes no more flattering show on London walls than it did last spring in Paris.

The "Waters of the Old and New World" are depicted by Mr. W. Ayerst Ingram at the Fine Art Society's Galleries. It is in the Old World that Mr. Ingram finds that richness of mellow colour which best suits his brush. The New World has not yet the enormous colour-advantages of inanimate old age. Its waters are, according to Mr. Ingram, colder, if not to the bather, at least to the eye. In Nos. 14 and 45 there is a particular pleasantness of touch, sometimes less conspicuous than here in the works of this able artist.

Exhibited also at the Fine Art Society are water-colours by Inglis Sheldon-Williams (late of Compton's Horse, I.Y.) illustrating types of the soldiers he became familiar with in South Africa. There is movement in his figures, a merit which counterbalances a noticeable deficiency of power as a draughtsman. War is—and these sketches bring home the lesson—extremely hard work. Very little rest and a great deal of strenuous effort is the impression given by drawings which should be of interest at the present moment.

Messrs. Harper and Brothers ask us to announce that the price of Mr. W. W. Jacobs' "The Lady of the Barge" is 3s. 6d., not 6s., as was unfortunately stated in a recent issue.

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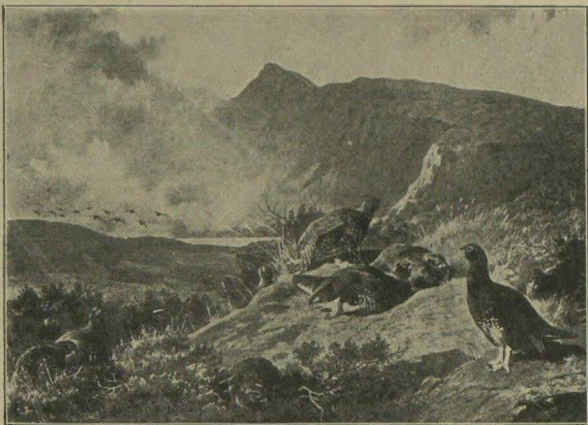
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PERSONAL.

In spite of his foreign title, his Highness Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, who died on Nov. 16 from appendicitis, was closely identified with this country, and filled many important posts in the Army. The eldest son of Duke Bernard of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach, and of Ida, daughter of George, Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Meiningen, Prince William Augustus Edward was born at Bushey Park on Oct. 11, 1823. Entering the British Army in 1841, he became Field-Marshal in 1897. His experience of active service was confined to the Crimean War, which he went through as aide-de-camp to Lord Raglan, taking part in the battles of the Alma, Balaclava, and Inkerman. His home duty included the command of the Home District and of the Southern District. His last appointment was that of Commander of the Forces in Ireland.

The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, who died suddenly on Nov. 17, was in the first rank of popular preachers and

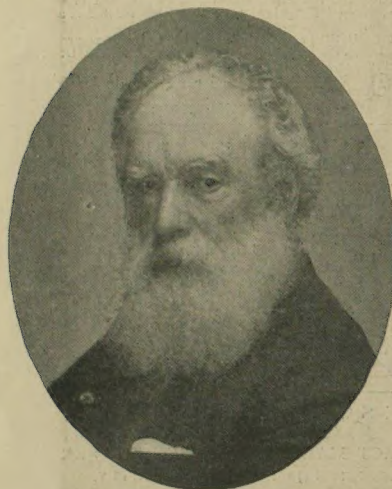


THE LATE REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES,
Methodist Divine.

platform-speakers in England, and by his eloquence drew together in the St. James's Hall on Sundays perhaps the most cosmopolitan congregation in the world. Born at Carmarthen in 1847, Mr. Hughes early showed his bent for religious teaching. The idea of making him a lawyer was, at his own request, given up, and at the age of fourteen he was already recognised as a "local preacher" of his church. He was educated at University College, London, and at the Wesleyan Theological College, Richmond, where he was sent in 1867. After a two years' course, he was put upon the itinerating "plan," his first appointment, to Dover, being followed by others at Brighton, Stoke Newington, Mostyn Road, London, Oxford, Brixton Hill, and the West London Mission. Mr. Hughes was President of the Wesleyan Conference in 1898 and 1899; editor of the *Methodist Times* for fourteen years; Vice-President of the United Kingdom Alliance; and Past-President of the National Council of Evangelical Free Churches.

Sir Evelyn Wood has pointed out some characteristic mis-statements in Mr. Kruger's Memoirs. Mr. Kruger gives a wholly fantastic account of his interview with Sir Evelyn Wood at Laing's Nek in 1881 at the close of the first Boer War. He says, for instance, that he forced Sir Evelyn to come to terms by crying, "Burghers, saddle!" The burghers in question were two miles off. Mr. Kruger has a romantic fancy.

An enthusiastic and erudite Shaksperian scholar and a man of great culture, Mr. Samuel Timmins, who died



THE LATE MR. S. TIMMINS,
Shaksperian Scholar.

on Nov. 12 at the age of seventy-six, was one of the leaders in a movement which two generations ago did much to stimulate the intellectual life of Birmingham, and which resulted, amongst other things, in the formation of the famous collection of Shaksperian literature in connection with the Central Free Library. He was always greatly interested in educational affairs, and many of the institutions of the city received from him not only practical advice, but actual aid in their working. Mr. Timmins was a prolific writer, mainly on topics of local interest, and was also a corresponding member of literary societies in Europe and America. He was a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, of the Anthropological Society, and of several foreign learned societies.

Sir Percy FitzPatrick, author of "The Transvaal from Within," has written an important letter to the *Times*, in which he urges that any contribution from the Transvaal to the cost of the war shall be devoted to the development of its own resources. In railways and irrigation works the Imperial Government, he says, will find far more valuable assets than in any taxation for the relief of the British taxpayer.

Canon MacColl has written a letter to the effect that Mr. Gladstone's views of education are better represented by the Government Bill than by the Opposition. At a meeting of Churchmen in the Albert Hall the Bishop of London stated that the Kenyon-Slaney amendment would leave an appeal to the Bishop in most cases where any dispute might arise between the clergyman and the managers of a denominational school in regard to the religious instruction.

Dom Carlos I., who is now the guest of King Edward, has twice visited England since his accession to the

throne on the death of his father, Louis I., in 1889: once in 1895, and again at Queen Victoria's funeral. He is second cousin to our King, his father having been cousin to Queen Victoria. Under his wise and patient rule the state of Portugal has much improved, and it is little wonder that his popularity is very great. His Majesty is an exceptionally gifted linguist, speaking seven languages fluently, and his country is indebted to him for translations of many of Shakspeare's works. As a sportsman he is equally proficient, and is a first-rate tennis-player, a yachtsman, a daring rider and a clever driver, a crack rifle and revolver shot, and a devotee of the mild form of bull-fighting which finds much favour with his countrymen. He has also a taste for the fine arts, is very fond of music, and has exhibited



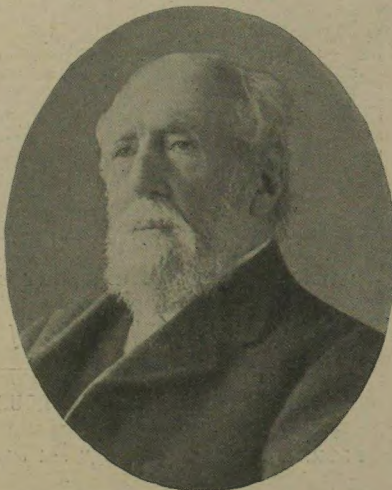
HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF PORTUGAL,
Now Visiting England.



THE LATE PRINCE EDWARD OF SAXE-WEIMAR.

in the Paris Salon, where he was awarded a silver medal. His Queen, Amélie, is the eldest daughter of the late Comte de Paris, the head of the House of Orleans.

Mr. William Henry Barlow, who died on Nov. 12, was in his ninety-first year. Educated by his father, the late Professor Peter Barlow, F.R.S., of the R.M.A., and in the Engineering Department of Woolwich Dockyard, Mr. Barlow, in 1832, went to Constantinople to superintend the erection of works and machinery for Turkish ordnance. Six years later he was appointed assistant engineer on the Manchester and Birmingham Railway, and in 1842 resident engineer to the Midland Counties Railway, of which system he eventually became, in turn, principal engineer-in-charge and consulting engineer. Mr. Barlow constructed many works for the company, including St. Pancras Station; was joint engineer with Sir John Hawkshaw for Clifton Suspension Bridge; one of the three investigators of the cause of the fall of the old Tay Bridge, and constructor of the new Tay Bridge. He also acted with Sir J. Fowler and the late Mr. T. E. Harrison when the questions of the feasibility and design of the Forth Bridge were under discussion. In 1880 he was President



THE LATE MR. W. H. BARLOW,
Distinguished Civil Engineer.

of the Institution of Civil Engineers; from 1881 till 1888 a member of the Ordnance Committee, and from 1865 to 1898 Lieutenant-Colonel of the Engineer and Railway Volunteer Staff Corps.

The Kaiser appears to have enjoyed the theatricals at Sandringham. He talked Shakspeare to Sir Henry Irving, and Dr. Johnson to Mr. Bouchier, and intimated that the theatre in Germany was much more of an educational influence than it is here. This saying should be pondered by the Head Master of St. Paul's School and others.

When Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P., was arrested by the Brussels police, who assumed that an English Socialist must have something to do with the Anarchist attempt on King Leopold's life, he explained that he was a member of the House of Commons. The commissary of police asked, "What is that?" "It is a sort of a Parliament," said Mr. Keir Hardie.

Mr. Charles Shortt Dicken, who died on Nov. 12, was from 1895 till April 1898 Acting Agent-General



THE LATE MR. C. S. DICKEN, C.M.G.,
Formerly Acting Agent-General for Queensland.

for Queensland, and, before that, for eleven years Secretary to the Agent-General for Queensland in London. Born in 1841, he was the son of the late Dr. William Stephen Dicken, Deputy Inspector-General of the Indian Medical Service, was educated at Charterhouse, and was for some time a Lieutenant in the Royal Irish Fusiliers. He afterwards acted as a Police Magistrate in Queensland, and in 1883 was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple. Mr. Dicken married Emily, eldest daughter of the late Mr. C. W. Sheridan, of New South Wales, in 1875. He received the C.M.G. in 1891.

As the money allotted by the Government for the relief of the loyalists who have lost everything in the war is by necessity inadequate, an appeal for funds has been issued by a committee. Subscriptions will be received by Lady Edward Cecil and Lady Charles Cavendish-Bentinck.

Lord Roberts has issued an order that regimental and garrison workshops are to be constructed so that any soldier who has learned a trade before enlisting may keep it up. It will be interesting to have an annual return showing the effects of this innovation.

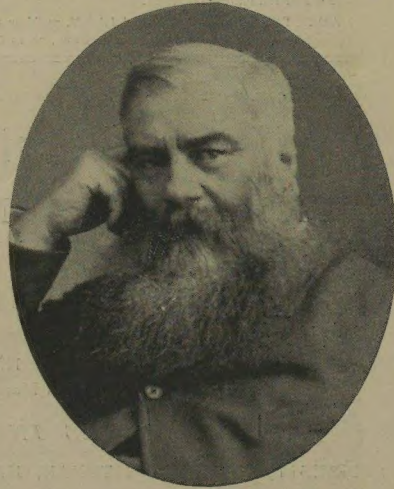
Dean Fremantle denies the accuracy of the published summary of his recent address to the Churchmen's Union. The reporter of the *Times* declares that he submitted it to the Dean at the meeting, and no objection was then raised. The publication of the full text is awaited with interest.

In the person of Mr. George Alfred Henty there passed away on Nov. 16 the doyen and master of writers of stories for boys.

His early career was an unconscious preparation for the work which was to occupy his later life. Born on Dec. 8, 1832, and educated at Westminster, and at Caius College, Cambridge, he gained his first insight into active warfare in the Crimea, where he was for a time in the Purveyor's Department of the Army. Invalided home, he was promoted to the rank of Purveyor, was sent to organise the hospitals of the Italian Legion, and later was placed in charge of the commissariat arrangements of the Belfast and Portsmouth districts. In 1866 he became special correspondent of the *Standard*, and went through the Austro-Italian, the Franco-German, and Turco-Servian Wars, and the Abyssinian and Ashanti expeditions. The first of his long series of stories for boys, numbering in all over eighty, was written in 1868.

Mr. Healy is said to have formed a new Irish party, consisting of himself and eight more Nationalist members, who have, for some time past, defied the authority of Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Dillon. The most conspicuous of the nine is Mr. Jasper Tully, whose criticism of Mr. O'Brien in the Irish *Daily Independent* is frank and free.

As an Irish jury has awarded £5500 damages to a Nationalist who was boycotted by the United Irish League at Tallow, Mr. O'Brien is invited by the *Independent* to pay the damages out of his "huge income." The verdict of the jury was attacked by the *Freeman's Journal* in an article which Archbishop Walsh has called "deplorable." The unity of the Nationalists seems to be like the smile of the Cheshire Cat, after the disappearance of the Cat.



THE LATE MR. G. A. HENTY,
Writer of Stories for Boys.

THE VISIT OF THE KING OF PORTUGAL TO KING EDWARD.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT WINDSOR.



KING EDWARD WELCOMING DOM CARLOS AT WINDSOR STATION, NOVEMBER 17.

As the King of Portugal alighted, King Edward advanced to meet him. The monarchs shook hands cordially and kissed each other on both cheeks. The Mayor of Windsor was presented, and briefly welcomed Dom Carlos on behalf of the city of Windsor. The party then drove to the Castle.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THEATRICALS AT SANDRINGHAM.

By command of his Majesty, Sir Henry Irving, who was playing at Belfast, travelled from Ireland on Friday last and appeared with his company at Sandringham before the King and the German Emperor in the evening. Sir Henry impersonated once more the wonderful character of Corporal Gregory Brewster in Sir Conan Doyle's dramatic fragment, "Waterloo." Both the King and the Kaiser were greatly delighted with Sir Henry's masterly interpretation. On the same occasion Mr. Arthur Bouchier and Miss Violet Vanbrugh, powerfully supported, appeared in "Dr. Johnson," and after the performance the Kaiser told Mr. Bouchier that he had a great admiration for Dr. Johnson as revealed in the pages of Boswell. An amusing incident occurred when Lord Knollys brought to Mr. Bouchier the King's command to come to the supper-table. The actor begged for a few minutes to lay aside his disguise as the leviathan of a Doctor, but on being told that the summons brooked no delay, he replied in the Johnsonian phrase, "It is not for me to bandy words with my Sovereign," and complied. The stage was erected in the ball-room at Sandringham, and as the space was comparatively small, special rehearsals and new scenery were necessary. The stage management was under the

affair, not a mere parade, and therefore he had avoided every exhibition of a ceremonial character. He could not, however, refuse the desire of his own people in Birmingham to bid him Godspeed, and he was touched and gratified by the expression of their wish. One condition, and that inevitable, he had made—namely, that, as he was embarking on a national and not a party mission, all reference to party politics should be waived on the occasion in question. Mr. Chamberlain then sketched the history of his connection with the city of his adoption, to which he came forty-eight years ago. He asserted that although there had been necessarily differences of opinion, yet he himself had borne no animosity to anyone, and he believed that no man bore any animosity to him. He had always, he contended, known how to separate public policy from private character. How should he do otherwise than love Birmingham? There was his home, there was his family life, to the blessings of which no man owed more than he did. Here he had sorrowed, here he had rejoiced, and through good or evil the sympathy and goodwill of Birmingham had bound him to it by links of steel. He was attempting a great venture which carried with it risks of failure, but the best augury of his success he took from the proofs of his fellow-citizens' continued kindness. Mr. Chamberlain then dealt on broad lines with the prospect of the resettlement of South Africa. He went, he said, to hear and to see for himself, and hoped to gain more

knowledge thereby than he could from months of study of Blue-Books and official despatches. Whether his mission was for good or ill, he felt he should always have their confidence, and that the men of Birmingham would be his lenient judges and generous critics. Mr. Chamberlain's departure from the Hall was made the occasion of a most picturesque display. For a distance of nearly three miles the crowded roadways were lined with torchbearers, and Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain's carriage was escorted by a torchlight procession of students and representatives of naval and military forces. Fireworks and coloured lights were displayed along the route, and on reaching Cannon Hill Park there were more fireworks, and a huge bonfire was lighted. Thus concluded a memorable evening.



Photo. Booker and Sullivan.

A VANISHING WORK OF WREN'S:
ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, BOTOLPH LANE,
ABOUT TO BE DEMOLISHED.

so the principal officers in the ship below the Captain will be the Colonial Secretary's nearest neighbours on board. These apartments are all on the half-deck. An unusual piece of furniture for a war-ship is Mrs. Chamberlain's wardrobe, which is in part a bookcase. It is of polished mahogany.

A VANISHING WORK OF WREN'S.

St. George's Church, Botolph Lane, Billingsgate, which is situated but a little way from Eastcheap, on the west side, is about to be demolished. The former St. George's, described by Stow, perished in the Great Fire, and the one now about to be taken down was erected by Sir Christopher Wren. On the church is a tower 67 ft. high to the top balustrade. It bears some good carving but no spire. Wren's manner is admirably exemplified in the treatment of the interior, which is broad and simple in design. Columns of the composite order divide the nave from the aisles and support a vaulted roof. The church, which is very small, is nearly square, measuring only 53 ft. 6 in. by 49 ft. On the sword-iron at the south side of the church is an inscription to the memory of Alderman Beckford. After the Great Fire, the parish of St. Botolph, Billingsgate, was incorporated with that of St. George.

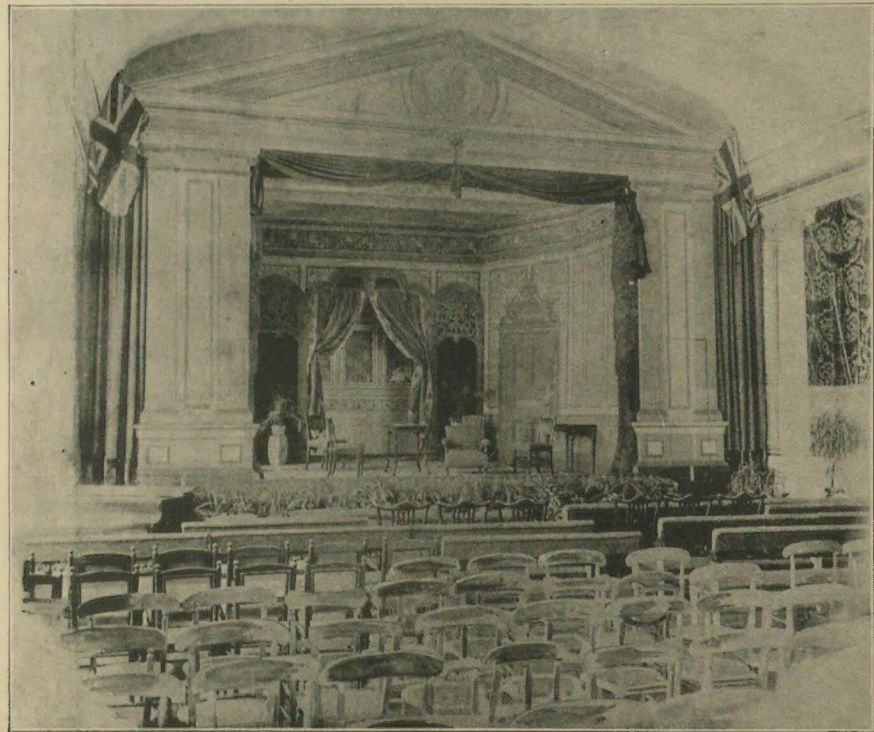


Photo. Ralph, Dersingham.

THE RECENT THEATRICALS BEFORE THE KING AND KAISER AT SANDRINGHAM:
THE STAGE ERECTED IN THE BALL-ROOM; THE ROYAL CHAIRS IN FRONT.

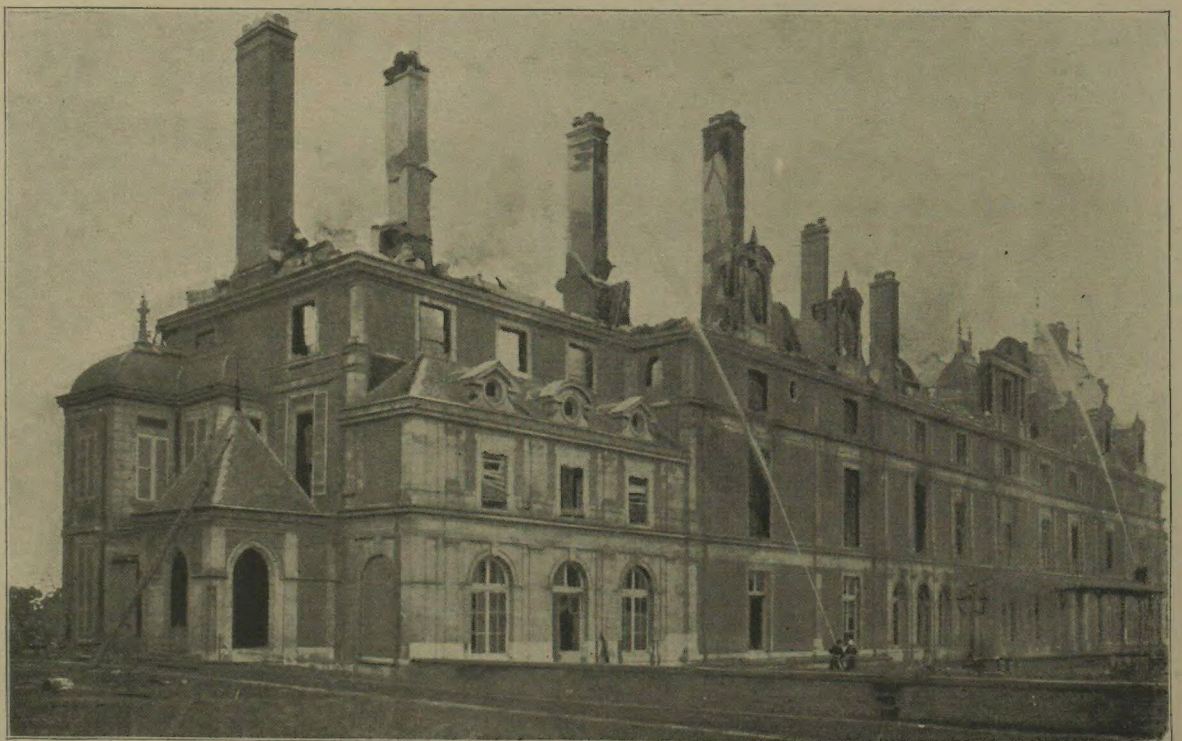
direction of Mr. Bouchier's colleague, Mr. Alexander Stuart. Mr. Hawes Craven and Mr. Banks painted the scenery.

THE CHAMBERLAIN BANQUET.

On the evening of Nov. 17 Birmingham and the Midlands, without distinction of party, united to wish Mr. Chamberlain Godspeed on his great national mission. Long before seven o'clock, the hour appointed for the banquet, Birmingham Town Hall, which has seen so many historical gatherings, was filled with representatives of every shade of thought, religious and political. The Lord Mayor of the city received the guests of the evening in a small drawing-room fitted up at one end of the Hall, and during the time of waiting the city organist, Mr. C. W. Perkins, played a selection of music. Before the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain, the Lord Mayor received the Bishop of Worcester, Mr. Jesse Collings, M.P., Mr. Austen Chamberlain, M.P., Sir Benjamin Stone, M.P., Mr. C. E. Mathews, Sir Oliver Lodge, Principal of Birmingham University, and others. Punctually at seven o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain entered the Hall, and proceeded to their places while the organist played "Auld Lang Syne." In the vestibule stood a body of Crimean veterans, to whom the Colonial Secretary spoke as he passed along. At the conclusion of the banquet, ticket-holders were admitted to the galleries of the Town Hall, and the character of the assembly was changed into that of a huge public meeting. Places had been balloted for, and it was remarkable that Mr. Chamberlain's private secretary and the secretary of the Arrangements Committee both failed to secure admission. The Lord Mayor at once proceeded to the usual loyal toasts, and read telegrams from Birmingham men in Johannesburg and Durban welcoming Mr. Chamberlain to South Africa. Then Mr. C. E. Mathews, in a speech of great heartiness, if very florid phrasing, proposed the Colonial Secretary's health, which was honoured by the whole company rising to their feet and singing "For he's a jolly good fellow!" to the accompaniment of the organ.

It was a moment of tremendous emotion, and even Mr. Chamberlain's usual impassivity was somewhat overcome. Replying, he said he did not know how to thank his fellow-citizens for their kindness. They were aware how highly he valued their good opinion. Once again Birmingham had laid him under an obligation which he could never repay. His forthcoming trip, if such he might call it, was a business

Mrs. Chamberlain. The dining-room and the sitting-room contain little more than the usual official furniture, but in the sleeping-apartments considerable changes have been effected. Admiral Fawkes has given up his own cabin to Mrs. Chamberlain, and this will be lighted and heated by electricity. Mr. Chamberlain will occupy the cabin set apart for the Admiral's secretary. It will contain a brass bedstead instead of a bunk, and in this particular alone it differs from the private secretary's state-room. Mr. Chamberlain's cabin is but a step from the ward-room,



THE BURNING OF THE CHÂTEAU D'EU: THE SCENE AFTER THE FIRE.

The treasures of the library, the magnificent furniture and the statue of Psyche, presented to the Duke of Orleans by the City of Paris in 1839, were, fortunately, rescued, though not wholly uninjured. Three of the four wings were burnt out.

THE ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE THE KING OF THE BELGIANS AT BRUSSELS.

At midday on Saturday, Nov. 15, an attempt was made to assassinate the King of the Belgians. His Majesty had attended a memorial service at the Cathedral of Saint Gudule for the late Queen of the Belgians and Louise Marie, wife of King Leopold I., and as he was driving back to the Palace, several shots were fired at the royal cortège by a man named Rubini, who stood among the crowd. As the Belgian Court is still in mourning, the royal carriages were closed, and there was an entire absence of pomp. Contrary to his usual custom, the King entered the first instead of the last of the carriages, and to this circumstance his Majesty probably owes his preservation. The King's brother, the Count of Flanders, was in the carriage with his Majesty. In the second carriage were the Countess of Flanders and the King's daughter, Princess Clémentine. In the third carriage Count John d'Oultremont, Grand Marshal of the Court, drove alone. Just at the corner of the Rue Royale and the Montagne du Parc, the would-be assassin rushed forward and fired three shots from a revolver at the third carriage. One of the shots passed through the window, narrowly missing the Count d'Oultremont's head. The procession passed on, and King Leopold was not aware of his narrow escape until he alighted at the Palace. After a moment of stupefaction, the bystanders turned furiously upon Rubini, and began to belabour him. The miscreant was thrown to the ground, and was with difficulty removed by some mounted men of the Guides. His clothes were torn to ribbons by the populace. Rubini was first conveyed into the Banque de Bruxelles and then to the police-station.

On his arrest, Rubini, who is a man of medium stature, admitted his



KING LEOPOLD ALIGHTING FROM HIS CARRIAGE
AFTER THE INCIDENT.

attempt upon the King's life, and stated that he was an Anarchist. His full name is Gennaro Rubino di Rubini, and he was born at Naples in 1859. For three years he studied at the Commercial Institute of Milan, and afterwards was a soldier in the 54th Italian Regiment of the Line. He rose to the rank of sergeant, but was degraded and sentenced to five years' imprisonment for having issued an article against the army in a Revolutionary journal. His term of imprisonment being complete, he went to Paris, and eventually to London. Here he was elected a member of an Anarchist club, which, however, he was forced to leave, suspicion of being in the secret service of the Italian Embassy falling upon him. While in London, he is said to have had newsagent's shops in Wardour Street and in Dean Street, Soho; and it is stated that he started business in Glasgow as a restaurant-keeper. At one time he was a French master at Milan; in 1890 he married; and three years later was condemned to four years' imprisonment for forgery. He recently applied to the Italian Minister in Brussels for means to return to his own country, but was advised to seek aid from his relations. He lived in an attic in the centre of the city, and among his friends was numbered the Belgian Anarchist Chapelié. Rubini's father was an Italian patriot and a municipal councillor, and he has two brothers and two sisters. On the day following the attempted assassination, Mr. Keir Hardie, who was on his way to Rotterdam, was arrested by two policemen in plain clothes, who asked him whether he had received a package from the Maison du Peuple, and subsequently marched him off to the police-station. On proving his identity he was released.



THE ARREST OF THE WOULD-BE ASSASSIN OF KING LEOPOLD.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S SOUTH AFRICAN TOUR: THE GREAT NON-PARTY CELEBRATION AT BIRMINGHAM.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT BIRMINGHAM.



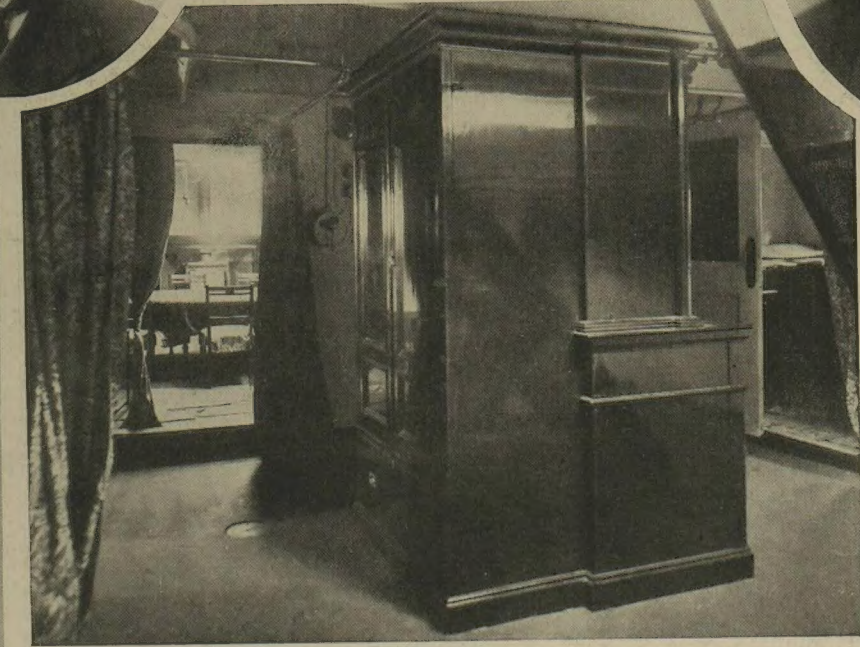
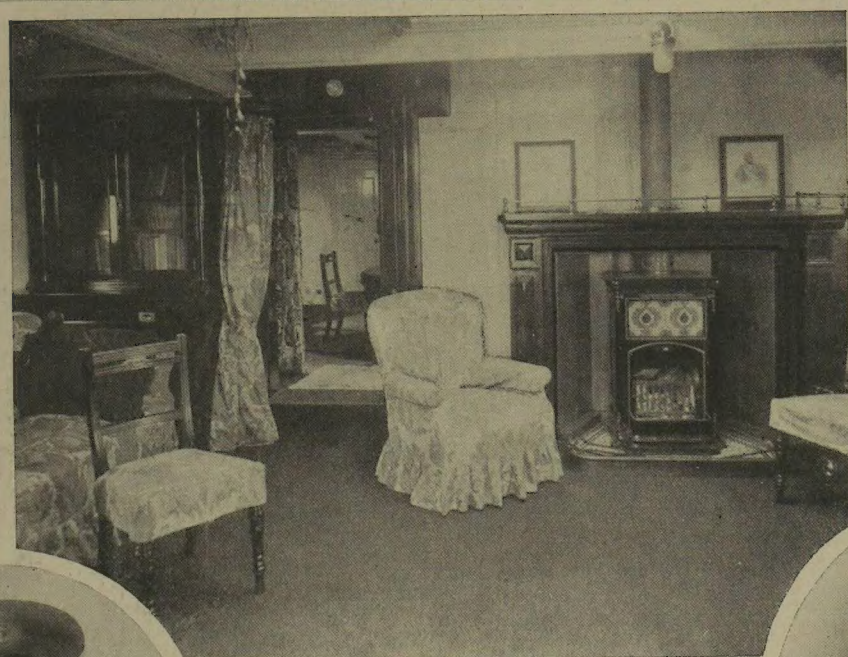
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, NOV. 22, 1902.—774

THE TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION AFTER THE BANQUET.—MR. AND MRS. CHAMBERLAIN LEAVING THE TOWN HALL: THE SCENE LOOKING TOWARDS VICTORIA SQUARE.

As soon as the Colonial Secretary appeared, the whole route from the Town Hall to Cannon Hill Park burst into light from thousands of torches borne by the spectators. Escorting the Colonial Secretary was a detachment of the Warwickshire Yeomanry, with a body of Naval Reserve men. The rear was closed by students of the University bearing torches and a banner wishing their Chancellor "bon voyage."

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S FORTHCOMING TOUR: H.M.S. "GOOD HOPE," AS FITTED OUT FOR THE VOYAGE.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE VESSEL BY CRIBB.



COMMANDER HALSEY.
Photo. Cribb.

MR. AND MRS. CHAMBERLAIN'S SITTING-ROOM.
A NOVEL PIECE OF FURNITURE FOR A WAR-SHIP: MRS. CHAMBERLAIN'S
WARDROBE IN HER CABIN.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN.
Photo. Elliott and Fry.

ADMIRAL FAWKES'S SITTING-ROOM, WHICH WILL ALSO BE USED
BY MR. CHAMBERLAIN.
THE ADMIRAL'S APARTMENT: MR. AND MRS. CHAMBERLAIN'S DINING-ROOM.

ADMIRAL FAWKES.
Photo. Russell.

THE CHOLERA IN MANCHURIA: PROPITIATING THE GOD OF THE SICKNESS.

DRAWN BY GEORGES SCOTT FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY M. GEORGES SOULIÉ.



AN INTERCESSORY PROCESSION FOR THE ABATEMENT OF THE EPIDEMIC IN THE MONGOL TOWN OF HOUAI-LAI-SIÈNE.

The cholera, which has raged this year with extraordinary violence in North China and Manchuria, is personified by popular superstition as a malignant god called Hono-Louane-Ping. In the towns attacked by the disease, imposing intercessory processions have been organised to appease the terrible fiend, who is borne along in effigy. The god is represented as a man with a long flowing moustache and a wan immovable face. In the cortège several wretched prisoners, bending under the weight of the heavy cangue, dragged themselves painfully along, execrated by their fellow citizens as though it were their transgressions that had brought down the wrath of the gods.

THE MAN FROM SOCOTRA.

By A. E. W. MASON.



Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville.

"I WILL go away," said Mr. Joyce, as he yawned over his fire in London on a November evening. "I will go very far away and travel in the East." He stared at the coals and shivered at the sound of the hail beating against his windows; he thought of many oleographs. Visions of white domes and tall palm-trees painted in superlatives rose before his eyes and enchanted him. "Yes," he said, "and when the spring comes I will return." But upon that point the man from Socotra had a word or two to say.

The man from Socotra was a native of that island of indolence in the Arabian sea. He lived upon the coast by Tamarida, and in race was partly Arab, partly African slave. Probably, too, he had a strain of Portuguese blood in his veins. He spoke the Socotran dialect, but since he did a casual trade in the gum of the dragon's-blood tree, he had learned a kind of Arabic from the crews of the baghalahs with whom he traded. His moment of inspiration had come to him exactly two years and three-quarters before that evening when Mr. Joyce, over his fire in London, determined to go very far away and travel in the East; and he came to much the same decision. Only he had the advantage of a more definite object. He had raised his head one morning, and looking upwards between the stems of his date-grove towards the granite spires of the mountains behind Tamarida, he had said, "I will go away, very far away. I will go to Mecca and perform the pilgrimage."

It was at the beginning no lofty impulse of religion which inspired the man from Socotra. He wished to be, if he could be without too much trouble, a distinguished man. But native indolence—indolence of a more complete and perfect kind than his neighbours possessed—was the real motive. If he could go to Mecca and come back with the green turban on his head, he would become at once the holiest man in all Socotra. And he could live well out of his holiness. He need no longer gather any gum or collect dates or shepherd his small flock.

Not within living memory had any Socotran gone out upon that pilgrimage. Of the distance of his journey, of the difficulties in his path, he knew nothing. He put up some food in a

bundle, took from his wife's neck and arms certain silver dollars which he had once accepted reluctantly from strangers trading at that port—for there is no money currency in Socotra—and embarked upon the first baghalah which came into Tamarida. The baghalah set him ashore on the extreme eastern point of Cape Guardafui.

The man from Socotra started two years and a half before Mr. Joyce by the measurement of days and months. But if the time is reckoned as relative to the difficulties and the proportionate speed of travelling, it may be said that Mr. Joyce and the man from Socotra set out from their separate and distant islands towards

one another precisely at the same moment. Mr. Joyce travelled overland to Marseilles, and went comfortably on board an Orient liner; the man from Socotra walked along the African coast through Somaliland and Erythraea until he reached Suakin, in the Sudan. It seems, indeed, as if Destiny had so arranged its time-tables that out of the millions of the East and the millions of the West these two islanders should steadily draw nearer to each other by some magnetic attraction of which they were both unconscious, and meet at last somewhere on the shores of the Red Sea.

It seems almost, too, as if the man from Socotra underwent a special preparation for that meeting. He

had to make his living as he walked, cutting wood for a day here, guarding a flock of goats for a week there. In British Somaliland he fell in with some Englishmen hunting big game, and spent two months in their service. In a word, he had for the first time in his life to work, and very often he starved. He was, besides, much alone in a lonely country. He passed through forests where only a little interval of twilight separated night from night; he came to deserts of sand where the only sound which refreshed his ears was the evening wind whispering across infinite flat miles. The work, the starvation, and the loneliness wrought upon the man from Socotra. The granite spires of Tamarida, the great sloping sand-hill of Jebel Omhari, dwindled in his thoughts. He became no longer ambitious to return as a great man, he desired more and more to reach the shrine of Mecca. He became, in a word, a pilgrim and not the imitation of a pilgrim. The nearer he approached the sacred land of Arabia, the greater grew his enthusiasm. Fanaticism flamed up in him; he became light-headed, he had seizures like an epileptic, even before he crossed the Red Sea. He visited Medina in the first week of February, and Mecca ten days later. At the end of the month he was at Jeddah waiting for a steamer to take him back to the coast of Africa.

Meanwhile, Mr. Joyce left England as he had determined. He travelled to Constantinople, made an excursion into the Black Sea, he shot at a goat in Asia Minor, and at some quail in the Oasis of Fayoum; and towards the end of February he sailed past the red rocks



He was just screaming with the full strength of his throat.

of the Sinaitic Peninsula into the Red Sea on board one of those curious steamers flying the English flag of which the officers, one and all, from the Turkish captain to the Scotch engineer, regard each passenger with undisguised suspicion lest he should have some official connection with the Board of Trade.

"This boat's a proper little Commodore," said the engineer in a wheedling voice to Mr. Joyce across the dinner-table in the deck saloon on the first evening out of Suez. He could place the other two passengers. One was an English officer returning to his post at a Red Sea port; the other was a Frenchman bent upon shooting a Mrs. Grey's antelope in the Khor Baraka. But who was this third person with the binoculars on a shiny patent-leather shoulder-strap?

"A proper little Commodore," he repeated. "She can do her seven knots an hour with the wind behind her, and never feel it; she can if we press her."

"Yes, but we don't often press her," the first officer urged anxiously; "never beyond what's safe and prudent."

"Now, how many pilgrims do you think we are entitled to carry on our decks to Jeddah?" said the engineer, with an obvious wink at the captain.

"Why, just as many as we do carry, of course," interrupted the first mate with a warning glance at the engineer, who had before now excused his ship to the point of accusation.

Suspicious, however, as to Mr. Joyce's business in the Red Sea were soon allayed. He displayed no wish to count the pilgrims crowded on the deck; he had no curiosity whatever about the Plimsoll mark; and his point of view, implied in every sentence which he spoke, that the East and its nations constituted one gigantic pantomime provided especially for his entertainment at rather high prices, stamped him as the ordinary ignorant, condescending tourist even more effectually than the patent-leather strap of his binoculars.

This, indeed, was the trouble with Mr. Joyce. It never occurred to him that the picturesque creatures he met with—black Berbereens from Assouan and the Nile villages; chocolate-skinned Arabs from the desert, light of foot and sleek like the coat of a favourite horse; negroes from the Dinka country, and plodding fellahs from the Delta—were really men going about the serious business of living according to their lights. They were to him members of the chorus in this very expensive pantomime. The man from Socotra taught him more sense, it is true, but when that lesson was given, it was too late for Mr. Joyce to profit by it.

That proper little Commodore zig-zagged down the Red Sea and anchored in the Bay of Jeddah. Dhows crowded against the boat's sides, and as the pilgrims disembarked, Mr. Joyce leaned over the side and looked at the town. The tall white houses, the great carved lattices of brown wood, withered and grey with Red Sea brine, pleased him. He caught hold of the captain as he stood at the head of the gangway ladder.

"I will go on shore," he said, "and see what there is to be seen."

The captain looked doubtful.

"I do not know," he answered in his broken English. "It is not very safe in Jeddah during the pilgrim season."

Now Mr. Joyce had wished to go ashore at Jambo, and the same answer had prevented him. Joyce grew hot and indignant. There was a conspiracy to hinder him from getting the full value of his money. He pointed to the Turkish guard-ship anchored in the bay. A little black boy, besides, was wading knee-deep in the sea, and sailing a little toy dhow just like any child at the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens. The idea of danger was ridiculous. Joyce appealed to Captain Witherington, the English officer.

"Well," said he, "I should like to go on shore myself. I have never been in Jeddah. We might go together."

To that suggestion the captain agreed, but with reluctance.

"You see, it would never do for you to go alone," Captain Witherington explained to Joyce. "You know no Arabic, and you have never been in these parts before. There are things one must not do at Jeddah during the pilgrim season."

Joyce, however, was under no apprehensions. Had he not leaned over the rail of the poop and watched the pilgrims on the main deck below for a week? Turks, long-bearded parsons in high boots from Kurdistan and the inland countries of Asia, Indians, Arabs, and Moors, they were all docile, sheep-like people, with long, inexpressive faces, who set up their homes in this or that corner, and never even grumbled when Joyce trod upon them in the dark on the way from the saloon to his cabin. He ran down the ladder after Captain Witherington and was poled ashore in a dhow.

"Keep close to me, if you please," said Witherington; and the authoritative tone displeased Mr. Joyce.

"I am not one of your privates," he replied.

Witherington shrugged his shoulders, and they passed through the Customs House and across the open space to the town. They had hardly got into the town when they were separated. The street was wide, crowded, and roofed overhead with wood to keep it cool. The crowd, as even Joyce perceived, was not submissive like the pilgrims on board ship. The holy soil was beneath their feet; they were in their own land. They did not move out of Mr. Joyce's way as he approached; they jostled him, and if they took the trouble to remark his presence at all, their looks showed no deference. Upon one side of the street there was a café, and in front of it chairs, every one of which was occupied, stretched across from one wall to the other. It was in threading amongst these chairs that Joyce and Captain Witherington were separated.

Joyce made no effort to find his companion. He was, indeed, glad to be free of his dictation, and proceeding on his way alone, he did many of the things which it is not wise to do in Jeddah during the pilgrim season. He poked his head into shops, and the sight of a familiar firm's biscuit-tins assured him more than ever that there was no danger for the tourist in Jeddah. He loitered and stared at any curious figure; he swung his stick; he walked cocksurely.

The street mounted an incline, and at the top divided into a number of alleys open to the sky. Joyce walked

along one of these alleys and came to an open square. The square was empty except for one man who sat upon the ground in a corner shaded from the sun, and slept. Mr. Joyce advanced into the square, and saw that one side was formed by a big, white-washed building which had no windows. A couple of shallow steps led to a wide green door, and that green door stood open, so that Mr. Joyce saw through it into an interior dim and cool where white-robed men walked noiselessly.

The building was plainly a Mosque. Joyce advanced to it promptly, just as if he were wandering through the Continent with a Baedeker in his hand. Now, of the many things which it is unwise for a Christian to do in Jeddah during the pilgrim season, the most unwise is to look through the door of a Mosque. However, Mr. Joyce had no longer Captain Witherington at his elbow. He mounted the shallow steps and looked in. He did even more than that; so that he might see the better, he put his foot over the threshold and stood within the doorway. It was unfortunate for Mr. Joyce that the Arab reclining in a corner of the square outside was the man from Socotra.

Mr. Joyce did not remain in the doorway long, for he became suddenly aware of a loud noise in the square behind him, a noise of screaming, but so poignant, so wild, and pitched in so piercing a key that it sounded inhuman and like the cry of an animal in pain. Joyce turned round and descended the steps to the square. The screams came from the man whom he had seen recumbent in the corner. Only he was no longer recumbent; he was marching up and down in the blazing sunlight. He did not look at Mr. Joyce. He did not seem to be screaming at anyone or for any particular reason. He was just screaming with the full strength of his throat. It was quite astonishing to Joyce that his throat held out as it did; he felt his own throat actually painful. Then he noticed that the man began to foam at the mouth, and his body and arms to jerk as though he could no longer control them. Here was a man undoubtedly possessed. He was a very curious sight, and Mr. Joyce began to think that he was really getting his money's worth in Jeddah. In no European town could he have seen a man so suddenly seized.

In a moment, however, he saw a sight still more curious. One instant the square was absolutely empty except for the sunlight and this fanatic, the next it was completely full. The change was so swift that Mr. Joyce was hardly aware of any crowd gathering. Men seemed to spring from every alley which debouched upon the square, and at once there was a jostling, shouting, excited throng. Joyce looked about him wondering, what cause had brought them all here, what news the first fanatic was shouting; and dimly he began to understand.

The fanatic was gesticulating at him. The knowledge came upon Joyce with rather a shock. After all, he was alone in that square, and he knew no single word of Arabic. He was quite unable even to ask what was his offence, if offence he had committed. He looked round and saw that the throng was ranged in a rough crescent about him, each horn of which rested against the Mosque wall. He looked back at the Mosque with a thought that he would seek refuge there, but on the steps behind him stood two men barring the entrance. Joyce understood at last that there were things which it was unwise to do at Jeddah during the pilgrim season. He was not a coward, but the throng of distorted and menacing faces about him, the loud, shrill uproar, and the violent gesticulations dazed him and made him giddy. His knowledge that he could not say a word which would be understood enraged him. He was in that dangerous mood of helplessness when a man will do violently any mad thing which will alter in one way or another an unendurable position. He was deafened by the cries and imprecations; he saw the dark faces swirling in front of him; he noticed that the man from Socotra spat at him. He did the mad thing, for he raised his stick to strike blindly and furiously. But before he could strike, a lane was suddenly driven through the crowd, and a white-haired Turkish Captain at the head of a strong patrol took possession of Mr. Joyce, and marched him back towards the quay. The throng dispersed as quickly as it had gathered.

On the way back Joyce fell in with Captain Witherington, to whom the Turkish officer, who could speak no English, explained in Arabic what had happened with the indifference habitual to a man who had served at Jeddah for thirty years, and had seen much trouble during the pilgrim season. Captain Witherington, however, was not disposed to indifference. All the way from the dhow to the ship's side he lectured Mr. Joyce upon the ignorance of tourists and their conceit.

"Only the other day," he said, "the English Consul was scuppered in his garden while he was quietly drinking his tea, and he didn't poke his head into other people's churches or play the goat up and down the bazaar. Well, at all events you are going back to Suez now, that's one comfort."

"I am not."

"What are you going to do then?"

"I am going to hire half-a-dozen camels at Suakin," Mr. Joyce said deliberately. He was indignant, and offended at the outrageous character of Captain Witherington's language, and at the same time he was aware that he had no right to resent it. He wished to have nothing further to do with this officer, who seemed to look upon the Red Sea ports as a private preserve. "When I have hired my camels and my camel-drivers and my cook I am going to cross the desert to Khartoum."

"Oh, are you!"

"I am. I made inquiries in Cairo, and I was told by people in high authority, from whom I have letters, that there was no military objection to my doing so."

Captain Witherington shrugged his shoulders. If Mr. Joyce had permission, the responsibility was off his shoulders. He turned towards the other passenger upon the dhow, a man who had sprung on board just as the boat was pushing off, and who now sat cross-legged in the stern beside the steerer. With that man Captain Witherington talked for some while, and then he turned again to Joyce.

"Now here's an example of what the Mecca pilgrimage means. This man whom I have been speaking to started from the island of Socotra three years ago. He has walked

all along the coast of Africa, working his way as he walked. Three years of it! At last he lands in Jeddah and goes up to the shrine. Can't you imagine the wild condition of fanaticism which will have been worked up in him when after three years he sets his foot at last upon the holy ground? He is going back now, and it will take him another three years to reach home, if he ever reaches home. And with men of that type in Jeddah, you think you can treat their Mosques like a peep-show!"

Mr. Joyce, in spite of himself, was impressed. He looked at the strong features of the man from Socotra, but to Mr. Joyce all black faces were more or less alike, and the man from Socotra was almost black. He did not recognise the features of the yelling, frenzied creature who had menaced him before the Mosque in this quiet, steady, and indifferent face. The man from Socotra knew indeed that he was the subject of the conversation, but he gave no heed to it. It might be that the white man recognised him; on the other hand, it might not. If certain things which he wished very much to happen were going to happen—why, they would happen.

At Suakin Mr. Joyce presented his letters. There was really no reason why he should not travel across the Sudan, provided he was discreet. Discretion was recommended to him.

"You are carrying arms?" asked Witherington.

"A Mauser rifle and a shot-gun."

"Please be careful with them. You will need a license, of course. But remember that if by mistake you wounded a Hadendoa camel-man instead of a gazelle, the consequences might be awkward for you. The Hadendoas are men. You had better let me hire your camels and camel-men for you."

"Thank you," said Mr. Joyce sullenly, "I will not trouble you. I have already got the Greek storekeeper to engage them."

"Oh, very well."

The storekeeper also engaged the cook at Mr. Joyce's request. "He is a good cook, he says," remarked the storekeeper, "and he should be, for he has walked up from Socotra and has had time to learn."

"Oh," said Mr. Joyce, "I have seen the man. He has been to Mecca."

"Yes, and is on his way home; but he is very poor, and will go out of his way with you to Khartoum for the sake of the money. He heard in the bazaar that I was hiring camels. He promises to serve you well, and he is, I think, intelligent."

Mr. Joyce, with the storekeeper's help, interviewed the man from Socotra, who put both hands to his forehead and promised fidelity; and in the afternoon of the next day the little caravan started out to the south-west.

It marched leisurely, camping on the first evening at the entrance to the broad valley where McNeill formed his famous zareba, on the second evening underneath the shadows of the Khor Gwob, and on the third evening on the further side of that pass on the park-like green plateau of Sinkat. Mr. Joyce had not intended to camp at that particular spot. His caravan had been journeying too slowly to suit his taste. He had given instructions that morning, as far as he could by means of signs and the few Arabic words which he had jotted down in his note-book, that he purposed making a long march. He halted at midday after descending from the desolate gully into the plain; he sent on his camels at three o'clock, and followed on foot in the hope of finding something to shoot. At half-past four he walked along a broad track of white sand winding between fresh green bushes like a tidy carriage-drive, and suddenly came upon his camp, pitched for the night. His camels were hobbled and freed from their packs, his tent was up, a fire was lighted, and his cook was already preparing his dinner.

Mr. Joyce was furious. Here was a flat disobedience of his orders. He looked about him in wrath for his camel-men, but they had disappeared. Only his cook was left at the camp. Joyce attacked the cook.

"Where camel-men?" he spluttered. "Bad men, not tayeeb, lar, lar? Bakshesh—Khartoum—lar lar," and he declined upon his native tongue with a petulant stamp of the foot. "Where are they?"

The cook guessed Mr. Joyce's meaning, for he placidly pointed across the plateau.

"El Bet," he said.

"There is a house there?" said Mr. Joyce. Bet was down in his note-book. He gathered from further explanations that the camel-men had friends at the house and had gone off for the night. The information increased Mr. Joyce's anger, and since the real offenders were not present, he discharged his wrath at the cook. Now the cook had nothing whatever to do with the halts and the daily progress. It was his business to cook and wait upon his master, and there his duties ended. Mr. Joyce, however, was not to be deterred by considerations of justice. He pointed out in fluent, emphatic English, varied here and there with a word or two of Arabic, that he had given orders not to halt, that there were still three good hours during which the caravan should have advanced, that Arabs were worthless idle people and vile liars.

The cook did not understand the particular meaning of the words and phrases. But that they were insulting was evident from Mr. Joyce's demeanour. The cook made no reply, but he stopped his work at the fire and looked fixedly at Joyce. There was no particular expression upon his face, but his eyes seemed to withdraw into their sockets, and his attitude was very quiet.

Joyce, however, continued his denunciation. He was not naturally possessed of a temperate mind, nor was he ever reserved in his speech. Blatancy was a characteristic of the man. His anger fed itself, his voice grew shriller and shriller, his gesticulations would have been ridiculous but for the Arab who sat with the still, set face and the eyes sinking deeper beneath his brows. And then all at once in the middle of his vapourings Mr. Joyce stopped. He had recognised that his servant's face was terrible.

That was all, at first—an intuition of danger which changed swiftly into certain knowledge. For the Arab put his hand to the small of his back, where in a twist of his clothing he carried his wood-handled knife. Joyce realised that he was alone with the Arab on the Sinkat

plateau, that his tent and his rifle were twenty yards behind him.

"Of course it is not your fault," he said strenuously. "Tayeeb you! Tayeeb lar, lar, those over there," and he pointed in the vague direction of El Bet.

The man from Socotra took his hand from the small of his back as quickly as he had placed it there; and it was as he was doing this that Mr. Joyce had his second intuition. He knew that he had seen the man from Socotra before he had engaged him in the stores at Suakin, before they sailed together in the dhow from the quay at Jeddah to the steam-ship's side. And his perceptions, quickened by the sudden consciousness of danger, gradually told him where. It was not that he exactly recognised the features, but he was certain that the impassive face with the deep-sunk eyes would at another word flash into fury, and he was convinced that he would recognise it if it did.

The two men stared at one another for a little while, and then Mr. Joyce walked slowly away to his tent. The shock had sobered him. He had looked his servant over from head to foot, he knew without doubt. Some momentary expression which he could not himself particularise, a look of the eyes, a turn of the head perhaps — something had assured him that the man from Socotra was the man whose shouts had filled the square before the Mosque in Jeddah, who had spat at him, and against whom he had raised his stick.

It was an uncomfortable awakening for Mr. Joyce. He began to remember all of Captain Witherington's warnings and to regret that he had disregarded them. And in the midst of his recollections and regrets there came again and again to him a throb of fear as he watched the sun setting down to the hills of Erkowet. He was to be alone all night with the man from Socotra upon the lonely plateau of Sinkat. He reflected that he had been a fool to reject Captain Witherington's offer to provide him with camel-men. Had he only accepted that, the camel-men would have had to answer for his safety when they returned with their camels to their homes.

He was aroused by the approach of his servant with his dinner. His newly acquired prudence warned him to show no apprehension on the one hand, and to display no excessive cordiality on the other. He ate his dinner steadily through, and was surprised to find that the nearer his servant was to him the less he was afraid. It seemed impossible that this Arab, who cooked so well and waited on him with so swift an obedience, really harboured any ill designs. The dinner itself, too, had a comforting effect.

He noticed besides that the night was clear and the moon rising. Last night he had been disposed to resent the brightness of a moonlight night in the Soudan; to-night, as he looked from the shade of his tent out across the silver-white sand and black bushes, he was glad. Mr. Joyce smoked a cigar after his dinner in his camp-chair with the leg-rest, and began to make light of his fears. He admitted, however, that he had deserved his lesson.

"After all," he thought with a consciousness of magnanimity, "one has really no right to treat other people's religions as so many shows."

It was a distinct step forwards for a man who had started out with the theory that the East was a gigantic pantomime organised for his amusement.

Mr. Joyce looked at his watch by the moonlight. It was nine o'clock, and already the Arab was sleeping by the fire within the semicircle of shelter made by the camels' saddles piled one upon the other. Joyce entered his tent. A lamp was burning upon a nail in the centre pole and he blew it out rather suddenly. It had occurred

to him that with that light burning, every movement he made was visible to anyone outside the tent. He could be spied upon without a chance of discovering that he was spied upon. The very moment at which he stretched himself out in his camp bed would be known. "Not that there is any danger," he argued; "no." But even while so arguing he slid a bunch of cartridges off their steel clip into the magazine of his Mauser and placed the rifle by the right side of his bed.

The bed was set up with its head close to the open door of the tent. He put his watch under the pillow, undressed, and slipped between the sheets. Lying upon his right side, he commanded the approach to the tent and a wide space of desert covered with green brushwood. He had no need of any lamp, for the moonlight was bright as day. The pebbles in the sand sparkled like jewels,

For he had waked up with a hope that the night was well-nigh over even before he had recollected the reason of his hope. But it had barely begun. He lay back in his bed looking out through the open doorway of the tent. It was very still; his eyes closed and opened again, and then remained fixed and wide. Very slowly he drew himself up in his bed, making no noise; and when at last he was sitting, he remained in that position, breathing silently, his mouth open and his eyes still looking out with a stare of a creature fascinated through the opening of the tent. He reached down his hand to the ground at the side of his bed, felt for his rifle, and lifted it on his knees. Then he changed his position on the bed. Instead of sitting with his head by the doorway and his feet pointing to the opposite wall, he drew himself together in the darkness and close to the opening. From that position he could see a particular shadow which lay upon the white sand upon the far side of the doorway.

The tent was a bell-tent, and it was impossible for Joyce to see what cast the shadow. But it was a new shadow; it had not darkened the sand when he fell asleep. He remembered quite well looking out of the tent just before he closed his eyes; he remembered the pattern which the bushes threw upon the sand. But there was no bush quite close to the tent, and this besides was no shadow of a bush. It was a long shadow with certain irregularities; the top of it was round, and it thinned below the top and then spread out again. It might be the shadow of a man standing straight against the tent, with his legs together, and his arms close to his side. Mr. Joyce had no doubt that it was.

He sat with his rifle upon his knees. His heart throbbed, and now and then sank so that he could hardly draw his breath. It seemed impossible to him that it was really he, Joyce, with his flat in London, and his money, who was sitting there, crouched up on his bed three days from anywhere, with his life in the bitterest peril. He wondered how long a time had passed since he had waked up. He took out his watch very stealthily from beneath his pillow. It was twenty minutes to eleven. Only ten minutes had passed, and there were four hours at the least to be lived through before the morning came.

Joyce pondered what he should do. Should he march out of the tent with his rifle ready, or should he wait sitting as he was until the shadow moved across the threshold, and the man from Socotra, expecting to find his victim asleep, looked into the muzzle of a Mauser rifle? The latter was the better way, he determined. There would be no chance of a struggle; the Arab

would have no opportunity to use his knife, he would be caught at the worst possible disadvantage. So Joyce sat upon the bed and watched for the shadow to move.

But it did not move, and after a while Mr. Joyce's head nodded, and his fingers loosened their grip upon the stock of his rifle. He woke up with a start, and looked again at his watch. It was just eleven. Mr. Joyce had never felt so tired in his life. He was unused to long days in the open air, the fatiguing movements of a camel, the early start from camp while the morning was yet dark. He felt, besides, very cold. He hitched his blankets up over his shoulders and watched the shadow, which did not move. The warmth of the blankets increased his drowsiness. His head kept falling forward upon his breast, and each time that he lifted it he saw that the shadow had not moved. It was not the least of Joyce's mistakes that he matched himself in a waiting game against an Oriental. Before twelve o'clock Mr. Joyce was fast asleep, and it was not until after one that the shadow moved.

THE END.



After a while Mr. Joyce's head nodded.

and though his tent-covering was lined with dark canvas, everything in it was clearly visible.

Joyce lay for awhile awake, straining his ears for a sound of his servant moving behind the tent. He began to wonder whether the man from Socotra had deliberately followed him from Jeddah, had deliberately engaged in his service on the chance that some moment might come when he and Joyce would be alone. Perhaps he ought to stay awake all night; and the moment that thought occurred to him he felt inexpressibly drowsy and tired. After all, the explanation given was the natural one. The man from Socotra was poor; it would help him on his way home to go out of his course to Khartoum. Mr. Joyce's eyelids closed, and he fell asleep.

But he slept uneasily; a sense as if something urgent had been left undone, an anticipation of trouble waiting for the moment when he should awake, was with him in the moments of deepest sleep, and he waked soon. He looked at his watch, and was surprised to find that it was barely half-past ten—surprised and disappointed.



A MEMORIAL OF PETER THE GREAT: THE CHAPEL IN THE DUBKY OAK FOREST.



RUINS OF PETER THE GREAT'S SUMMER HOUSE, NEAR SESTRORYETSK, FINLAND.



TEACHERS AT OMSK, SIBERIA, REDUCED TO BEGGARY THROUGH INSUFFICIENT SALARY.



A MEMORIAL OF ALEXANDER II.: THE CATHEDRAL IN COURSE OF ERECTION ON THE SCENE OF THE CZAR'S ASSASSINATION.

SCENES IN THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE OF TO-DAY.

NOTES.—The four oaks nearest the chapel were planted by Peter himself. The summer house on the shores of the Gulf of Finland served Peter as headquarters during his campaign of extermination against the Finnish sea robbers. Mendicant teachers are no uncommon sight in Siberia of to-day, for the hundred roubles of salary allowed by the Government does not constitute a living wage. The cathedral to the memory of Alexander II. is on the Katharine Canal, St. Petersburg.

The King.

The Kaiser.

The Queen.

Prince of Wales.

Princess Victoria.



Princess Victoria of Wales. Prince George of Wales. Prince Henry of Wales.

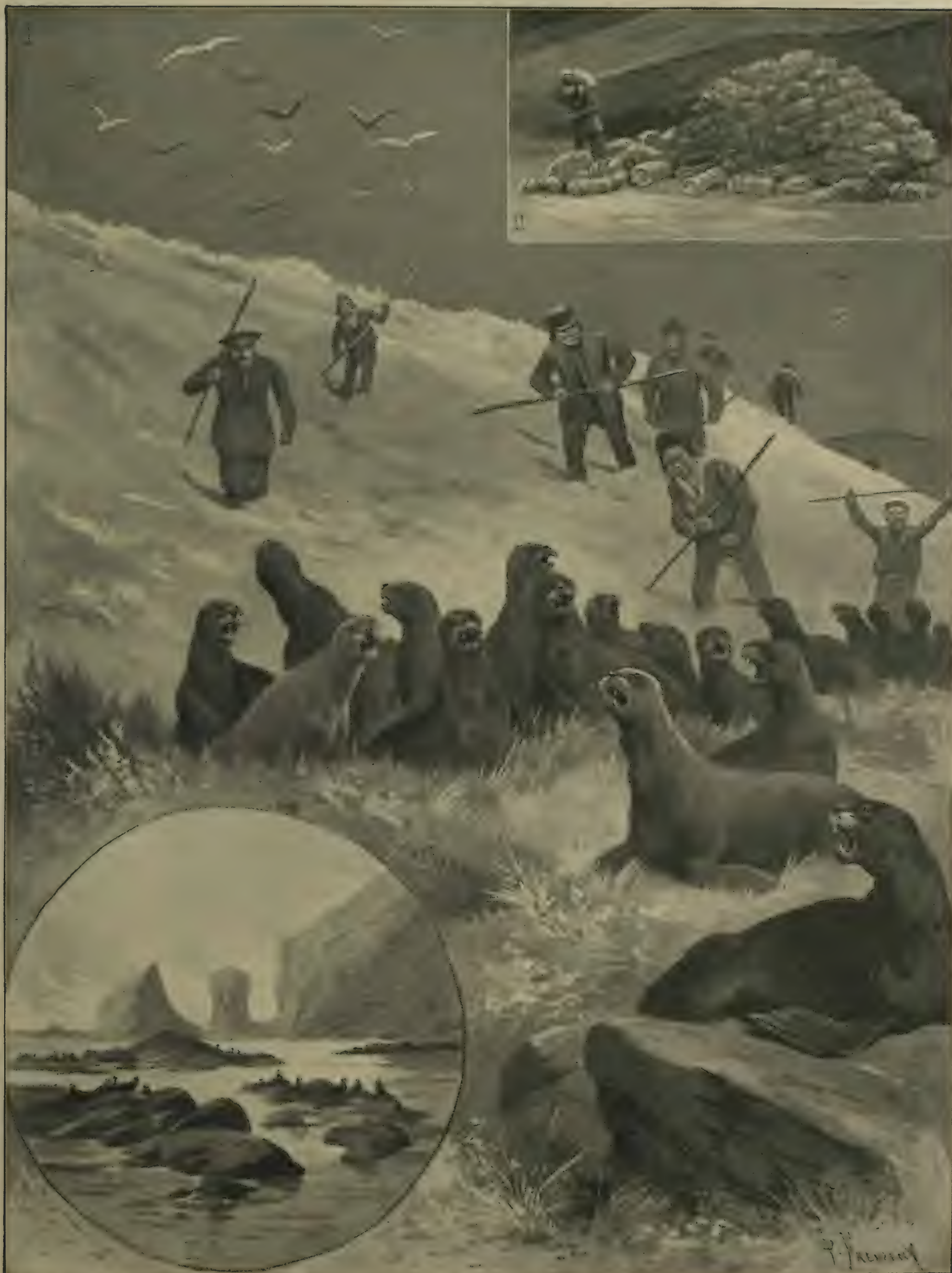
Prince Edward of Wales.

[Photo. Lafayette.]

THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S VISIT TO KING EDWARD: A ROYAL GROUP AT SANDRINGHAM.

FURS FOR THE EUROPEAN MARKET: THE CAPTURE OF THE SEAL.

DRAWN BY P. FRENZNY.



1. SAILORS DRIVING A FLOCK OF SEALS INLAND.

2. SALTED SKINS READY FOR SHIPMENT.

3. COPPER ISLAND, IN BEHRING SEA.

The first Russian-American Fur Company was founded in 1799, and held a monopoly of seal-hunting till 1868, when Alaska was purchased by the United States. Indiscriminate slaughter had threatened the seal with extinction, but of late years effective measures have been taken to preserve them. The fur is prepared by passing a knife along the under side of the skin. This loosens the longer hairs and causes them to fall out. The fur then undergoes a process of dyeing, which produces the deep uniform colour.

THE EDUCATION BILL AGITATION: THE ALBERT HALL MEETING.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.

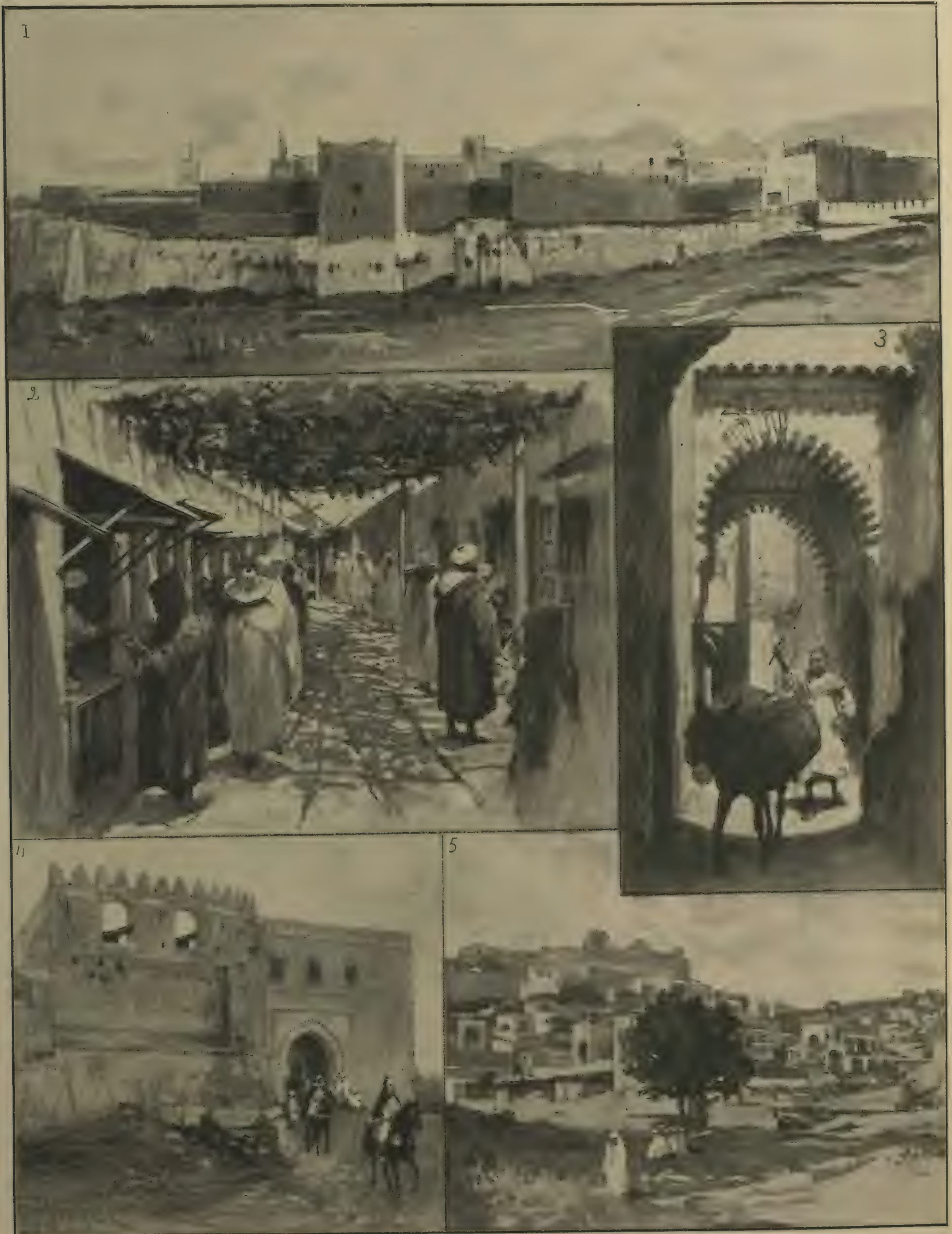


SPEAKERS AND INCIDENTS AT THE GREAT MEETING OF CHURCHMEN, NOVEMBER 14.

The meeting was convened by the Bishops of London and Rochester, and was presided over by the former prelate. The Bishop of Rochester described the Bill as a great educational move, and Sir Edward Clarke moved a resolution in support.

THE REVOLUTION IN MOROCCO: SCENES IN THE DISTURBED DISTRICT OF TETUAN.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.



1. A GENERAL VIEW OF THE TOWN.

2. IN THE SHOE-MARKET.

3. A STREET IN OLD TETUAN.

4. THE EASTERN GATE.

5. THE BURIAL-GROUND OUTSIDE THE CITY WALL.

Tetuan, near which encounters have taken place between the Governor's troops and the Kabyles, is a seaport town about thirty-one miles south-east of Tangier. It is well fortified, has a high thick wall, and a citadel. It exports fruit and grain, some of which goes to supply Gibraltar.



THE RISING IN MOROCCO: KABYLE TRIBESMEN REFUSING TRIBUTE TO THE SULTAN'S TAX-GATHERER.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

The Sultan's tax-gatherers go their rounds on horseback, attended by a mounted escort with drummers and a standard-bearer. Three months ago three powerful tribes of the Berber Kabyles rose in rebellion against the Arab rule. They raided caravans, and committed several acts of pillage. The insurrection was thought to have died down, but the trouble has broken out again under a man named Omar Zarahuni, who has declared himself a Mahdi and a sincere reformer.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The Little White Bird. By J. M. Barrie. (London: Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)
The Son of the Wolf: Tales of the Far North. By Jack London. (London: Isbister. 6s.)
The Adventures of M. D'Haricot. By J. Storer Clouston. (London: Blackwood. 6s.)
The Wine of Finarra. By C. L. Antrobus. (London: Chatto and Windus. 6s.)
Old St. Paul's. By Canon Benham, D.D. (London: Seeley. 7s.)
Cecilia: A Story of Modern Rome. By E. Marion Crawford. (London: Macmillan. 6s.)
Side-Walk Studies. By Austin Dobson. (London: Chatto and Windus. 6s.)
Red Lion and Blue Star. By J. A. Barry. (London: Hutchinson. 6s.)

Mr. Barrie, after the manner of genius, is always taking us by surprise. Here, in "The Little White Bird," he gives us—nothing, indeed, that he has not given us before, but a new manifestation of his old qualities which affords us a delightful shock of surprised recognition. The psychology of "Tommy," the romance and the realism of "The Little Minister," the charm and sentiment of "The Window in Thrums," the fun and expertness of other essays of his—something of all of these, and in especial essence, has been blent in the making of "The Little White Bird." To describe the result, so as to convey to the reader a true impression of its nature, is an impossible task, in which, during the next week or two, no doubt many conscientious critics are foredoomed to failure. It is useless to explain that the teller of the story is an elderly, though not too elderly, soldier and bachelor, humorously known at the club as a "confirmed spinster," who, however, has had an affair of the heart in his younger day; that Mary A—and her husband, the young painter, their little boy David, and Porthos the dog, are his friends; and that this and that were their adventures in which the elderly soldier of Pall Mall mixed himself up. In that way ordinary stories are to be described, but not so "The Little White Bird." As well seek with prosaic pencil to map out for dull eyes a plan of Kensington Gardens as Mr. Barrie sees them. It requires Mr. Barrie's wand to conjure them up, and it requires it also to raise as he does that old love-story of the bachelor's past, or to touch his relations and adventures with Mary A—and David with the spirit in which he has conceived them. How, without it, explain Timothy, or hold Peter Pan long enough before the eyes to show one what he is like? It cannot be done. The reader must go to the book itself; and the fewer preconceptions wherewith he goes to the story, the better for him it will be. We can only give it as our own opinion, on leaving it, that Mr. Barrie has never been happier in his mood of whimsical and even elfishly sentimental imagination than he is in "The Little White Bird." And when we say happier, we mean happier for himself as well as for us. Every page bears the marks of the author's delight in his creation, and the delight is infectious. The world is a better place for its having been written, and one must feel the better for having read it.

Many Canadians were a trifle indignant when Mr. Kipling talked of "Our Lady of the Snows." But if Mr. "Jack London" fulfils the promise shown in these short stories of the Klondike regions, we fear that the general public will come to associate the Dominion—always saving the due rights of Sir Gilbert Parker over the Province of Quebec—as inevitably with ice and snow and "the white silence," as they connect India with palm-trees. Miss Kingsley says somewhere that she, who loved the tropics, could never find any but a purely scientific delight in the Arctic regions, and probably most novel-readers will agree with her. Whatever the reason may be, the Arctic Circle is unkindly to the muse of fiction: there are fifty readable stories about the golden joys of Africa to every one that deals with the North. Mr. Ballantyne, it is true—but now we are grown up we must presumably put away those delightful books. Klondike has panned out very little reading matter. In the way of local colour, frost-bite cannot compete with assegaes; and if we take it as a mining camp, has not Bret Harte made such camps his own? But, somehow or other, we forget all these considerations in reading "The Son of the Wolf." The stories are terse, vigorous, though sometimes marred by the violent style, the attempt to put action into a nutshell of jangling phrases, that seems to beset our young chroniclers of the byways of Empire. There is real dramatic grip in them, a sense of romance, and a reticence which avoids mere horror for horror's sake. The tragedies of the snow are ghastly, but the great white silence shrouds them in a peculiar dignity.

Mr. Clouston's story is so old-fashioned that it ought to have been illustrated by Leech. In the heyday of that humorist it was usual to tell yarns about French gentlemen who visited this country and showed an imperfect knowledge of our institutions, especially fox-hunting. M. D'Haricot has a droll adventure in the hunting-field. He quarrels with an English friend about a lady, and there is a mock duel, so carefully arranged by the jocular seconds that the principals blaze away in two separate plantations, much to the inconvenience of squirrels. Leech would have made amusing pictures of these incidents, which seem a little out of date now. M. D'Haricot contrives to do one original thing. He appears on the stage of a music-hall, pretending to be the "Amphibious Neptune," who dives into a glass tank full of water. He breaks the tank, and distributes the water in the orchestra. This is moderately funny. The

rest of the book has a mechanical humour which has to be kept going at any price. Mr. Clouston has done far better things, and ought not to harness himself to a series of small jokes.

To a pleasant volume of short stories Miss Antrobus gives the name of the least meritorious. There is a legendary elixir which is supposed to keep the flame of life burning in everybody who drinks it. This is symbolic of fate for a gentleman who is hopelessly inefficient in several parts of the world, and dies at the age of fifty. Why he should be supposed to have drunk the famous wine, and what it has profited him, the author entirely fails to make clear. "The Owd Lad's Bit" is an amusing tale of rural superstition in Lancashire, the "Owd Lad" being the enemy of mankind, and his "Bit" a piece of land which the farmers are afraid to cultivate lest this should annoy him. One is more daring than the rest, and the results of his enterprise, though not unconnected with natural causes, serve to confirm the local belief that the "Owd Lad" is not to be trifled with. "The Two Twilights" is a pretty romance, but "The Man from Stalybridge" is sentimentality in its most irritating form. Miss Antrobus has a weakness for writing about feeble people who die. If she would resist this, and pay some heed to what is going on in the world, she would vastly improve her work.

The most fascinating of English cathedrals is, without doubt, that which was, and is not, and yet is—St. Paul's



OLD ST. PAUL'S AND THE THREE CRANES WHARF.

Reproduced from "Old St. Paul's," by permission of Messrs. Seeley and Co.

Its charm is in great measure due to its curious dual personality, as it were; for however much the average man's concept of London culminates in Wren's dome, still, to those who possess even the faintest historical sense Ludgate Hill is crowned also by the visionary image of that Gothic structure which for six centuries was the metropolitan church of London. The story of Old St. Paul's has been retold with much scholarly care by Canon Benham in a thin, elegant volume enriched with many illustrations. Not the least valuable feature of the work is the reproductions of Hollar's remarkable series of prints, which constitute our principal source of knowledge as to the aspect of the former cathedral. In several instances Canon Benham has been able to show where the engraver is inaccurate. The text is written in a somewhat hard and stilted manner, and the anticipative and retrospective references are so numerous as to become teasing; yet the book is valuable as a collection of antiquarian material. The charm of the volume, from a pictorial point of view, is enhanced by the facsimiles, in colour, of miniatures from ancient illuminations reflecting the history of the cathedral.

Telepathy, the theory of reincarnation, and kindred subjects, prove, as a rule, more dangerous than advantageous to the novelist who traffics in them: their use is so often a misuse that they are apt to create an atmosphere of improbability if not of impossibility, and to nullify any realism there is in the work in which they are embodied. Improbability there may seem to be in Mr. Marion Crawford's novel, more especially to those in whose lives the supernatural and the mystic have no place, but the author's skill forbids the stigma of impossibility, and renders it

the least obvious suggestion. "Cecilia" is doubtless as much a creation of the imagination as she is an imaginative creature, but she is a living, breathing woman, and can only enhance Mr. Crawford's reputation. Largely influenced by Nietzsche's theory of the "Eternal Return," she is a visionary, a self-hypnotist. In her trance-dreams she is the youngest of the last six Vestal Virgins, and is loved by one who worships her as goddess rather than woman, and whom she, in turn, loves for his bravery and his mastery over himself with a love that is not akin to passion. In actuality, it has been arranged that she shall marry Guido d'Este. On the day she meets him she also meets for the first time his dearest friend, Lamberto Lamberti, and is amazed to find in him the lover of her dreams. He, on his side, seems to be conscious of having met her before, though he knows that it is impossible. That night Cecilia again throws herself into a trance, but her dream changes: the lover is no longer distant, the vestal no longer merely the admirer. Their lips are about to meet when she feels that the vision has become a reality, that Lamberti is clasping her in his arms, and that she loves him passionately. Lamberti has a similar dream, and, going next day to the Forum, comes face to face with Cecilia, who flees from him in terror. The dreams of both continue, but Cecilia, nevertheless, agrees to marry Guido. Soon, however, her dream becomes as much a necessity to her as his drug to the opium-eater. By an effort of will she throws it aside, only to find that the actual takes the place of the spiritual; and then begins a fight of longing and love against a promise and self-respect. The hesitation between the dream-lover materialised in Lamberti and the lover of her actual acceptance, resulting eventually in the breaking of her engagement to Guido and the wedding of the two who had met so often in their dreams, and who had loved in the long ago, is admirably treated with all the subtlety, finesse, and delicacy which are characteristic of the author at his best.

In "Side-Walk Studies" Mr. Austin Dobson presents us with a series of papers which are in the main remote from what he calls "the glitter and bustle of the more frequented promenades of letters." Yet the byway attraction has been a little discounted by the author's placing his chapters on "Mrs. Woffington" and "St. James's Park" at the head of his contents table—a pre-eminence that quarrels with the title. In or out of the great thoroughfares, however, Mr. Dobson is an agreeable guide; and readers familiar with these fastidious papers when they appeared in various periodicals will be glad to get them gathered together in a pleasant volume form. Mr. Dobson, as a guide and companion in Gough Square, off Fleet Street, takes as his centre of interest the house into which Dr. Johnson moved in 1749. In that garret was the Dictionary made; there sat the six amanuenses, duly partitioned off, so that they were not disturbed when Reynolds called, or Roubillac, or Dr. Burney, who found the great man in company only with "five or six Greek folios, a deal writing-desk, and a chair and a half." At Gough Square he lost his wife. There he was when he lost his mother, though it was not there, as Mr. Dobson strangely states, that she died. Johnson, as we know, did not visit her death-bed. "The life which made my own life pleasant is at an end," he wrote—and he wrote "Rasselas," too, to pay the funeral expenses. No. 8, Bolt Court, was Johnson's last home; and there he died, in December 1784. "Not long afterwards," says Mr. Dobson, "Isaac Disraeli, then a youth of seventeen, knocked at the door to make inquiry about a manuscript he had forwarded to Johnson, of which he had heard nothing. His summons was answered by Francis Barber, who told him that the Doctor had been dead some hours." By ill luck, the anecdote of Mr. Dobson's telling is out in nearly every particular. Isaac Disraeli was over eighteen when he left the manuscript at Johnson's door, before Johnson's death, and was told by Barber, the black servant, to come again in a week. The trust was faithfully kept, and then the manuscript was returned to him unopened, with the disastrous tidings that the Doctor was too ill to read anything. Johnson died; but there was no romance of an unreturned manuscript. Mr. Dobson will know where he can put his hand on references that will verify each of these statements; but it is highly desirable that, in the case of essays which depend on their neat style for their value, and in which the reader relies implicitly on easy accuracy of statement, the verifications should be made before, not after, publication.

Those who have read and remember "Steve Brown's Bunyip" will turn with pleased anticipation to any book by Mr. J. A. Barry. In his new volume, "Red Lion and Blue Star," they will find no cause for disappointment. The stories which compose it are excellent reading: all about the sea, of course, based upon adventure, and told with spirit and humour. Perhaps the most notable thing about them is their range of interest. We have no feeling as we read them that we are being treated to variations upon the same theme. In the number which gives a title to the volume, the feud between the sailing-captains of the old and the new school is healed through an act of gallantry on the high seas, which is painted with a big broad brush of sentiment. "Stopped on the Long Stretch," again, is a capital piece of sensational story-telling. "The Red Warden of the Reef" and "In the Endymion's Galley" strike a more gruesome note, while "How the Spindrift Lost her Starboard Watch" has an amusing and almost farcical motif. This variety is maintained through the entire volume, which is one that we can heartily recommend for whiling away an idle hour.



HER FIRST WRITING LESSON.

AFTER GEORGES CLAUDE.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

In the living body of animal and plant alike, the man of science discovers that a very considerable portion of the work done in the way of living is accomplished through the agency of substances which are known as "ferments." Illustrations of these principles are easy to obtain. In our mouths we find the saliva containing a ferment known under the name of "ptyalin." The wonderful little cells of the glands manufacture or elaborate this ferment from the blood. Its duty is that of acting upon the starches we eat. It changes these substances ultimately into grape-sugar, in which form, it may be added, starch is used up in the body as a food. Yet another ferment is found in the stomach-secretion, familiar to most of us under the name of "pepsin." This latter substance has its own functions to perform. It acts on nitrogenous foods, represented by beef-juice, white of egg, and the like, converting them into peptones, in which form they can be absorbed by the bloodvessels and carried to the liver, there to be ultimately dealt with.

But in the bile of the liver, and in the liver-cells, and in the sweetbread juice we find other and different ferments, each intended to play its part in the work of fitting our foods to be added to the blood, and so to nourish us. Even the lungs have not escaped from the special action and sphere of these bodies. This last is a somewhat astonishing conception. It implies that before the oxygen we breathe can enter the blood, and be thus conveyed to all parts of our frames, a ferment supplied by the lungs is necessary. Certainly, this view of matters, if accepted, would extend the range of ferments very appreciably, and include in their action details that previously were regarded as mere physical processes, and nothing more. In the case of plants, ferments are familiar enough. The yeast plant is the best known of all, and its action when added to sugar is to split up that substance into alcohol and carbonic acid gas.

Even the process whereby the seed germinates and sprouts is one in which ferments are evolved, and the starch a plant manufactures for its food has to be transformed into sugar ere it can be utilised for nourishing purposes. We see here exhibited what science regards as the ordinary action of ferments—that is, one in which there is illustrated a breaking down of the substances on which the ferments act. True, the liberated or changed products are used up by the living body in its vital processes, but the transformation, as a rule, is none the less one from complexity to simplicity. But is it true that ferments build as well as break down? The answer to this question may now be given in the affirmative. It has been found that if starch which has been reduced to grape-sugar as I have described be treated by the addition of sugar at a certain stage of the process, the action will be reversed, and the ferment will reproduce—that is, build up starch again.

These considerations of late days in science, and researches conducted into the ways and works of ferments, have been used to formulate some new and very interesting conceptions of the real nature of life itself. The school of thought which has employed its energies in this direction includes workers not only in Europe, but America also. Their work should interest all thoughtful minds, because, as it has well been expressed, they are really tackling the problem of all the ages. The primary standpoint is that which looks upon all vital action—all life, in short, in so far as its physical processes are concerned—as a recent writer has put it, as a series of fermentations. We owe growth, and nutrition, its handmaiden, to their action, just as it might be held our very diseases are due to the action of similar substances evolved by the multiplication of the germ-life which attacks us. It has been asserted that just as some ferments give us growth and build us up into the activity of mature healthy life, so to the work of others, which disintegrate us and pull down the physical structure, old age and finally death are due. Certain it is that when we grow old our tissues degenerate, our arteries develop lime, our bones lose their gelatine, and our living tissue tends to become replaced by fat. These things may very well be the result of the action of ferments.

But is it true that life may logically be regarded as the play of the ferments which the body contains as part and parcel of its constitution? This is really the crux of the whole matter. Enthusiastic minds look forward to the day when the elements of living matter combined in the laboratory may be made to live. Is this conception reasonable on the face of things, and even in view of the remarkable scientific work which recent years have produced? I think not. Beyond all physical processes—for fermentations are only such—lies that mysterious something which we call "vitality" for want of a better name. Is it true that, when we have found out the precise composition of a ferment, so that we may build it up out of its elements, we shall then solve the mystery of life?

To this inquiry I would reply that we must logically distinguish between the ferment and that which it works upon. Nay, more, shall we even then understand the ferment itself? What we seem to see in this matter is a background that is always dim and mostly inconceivable as things are. It is upon this background that ferments work, so to speak, and that these principles operate. If it be conceived possible that, experimentally, we could through our ferments play with life, develop it onwards, arrest its progress, or reverse its work and reproduce the early stages from the mature, still there would remain the undemonstrated something that pervades all the living matter operated upon. We may know life's composition as to the substance that lives; we may never attain to a knowledge of the formula according to which that substance springs from the non-living state into vitality.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

T. D. CLARKE (Merino, Australia).—We are exceedingly sorry your problem was published in a defective form. When the position was found insoluble we searched for your original diagram, but it had been destroyed; and as we have never had a problem wrongly printed, we could only assume the error was in the composition. We are always quite ready to acknowledge any mistake of ours, and would have done so at the time had we been aware of it.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3018 received from Richard Burke (Teldeniya, Ceylon); of No. 3017 from Gertrude M. Field (Athol, Mass.), Charles Field junior (Athol, Mass.), Fidelitas, and Kenneth S. Johnson (Woburn, Mass.); of No. 3012 from A. G. Bagot (Dublin), Fidelitas, and J. H. Mathias (Pontypool); of No. 3013 from Joseph Cook, Otto (Berlin), Graham Wilkinson (Sheffield), Otto Strehle (Munich), H. Le Jeune, P. B. (Worthing), A. G. Bagot, Joseph Dean (Oughtibridge Club), J. F. Moon, Sorrento, J. Nelson (Glossop), and Albert Wolff (Putney).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3014 received from E. M. Fyson (Higham), Martin F. R. H. V. Cavendish (Windsor), Albert Wolff, W. P. K. (Clifton), Sorrento, F. B. (Worthing), Alpha, F. J. S. (Hampstead), G. W. R. (Rainhill), H. Le Jeune, Edith Corser (Reigate), A. G. Bagot (Dublin), T. Roberts, H. Maxwell Pridmore (Clifton), J. H. Carroll (Alresford), G. T. Hughes (Dublin), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), H. Howard, E. J. Winterwood, Graham Wilkinson, Clement C. Danby, George H. Kelland (Jersey), A. Belcher (Wycombe), J. F. Moon, W. Brandreth (Ashton-on-Ribble), Rev. A. Maye (Bedford), G. Dalby Frankland (Atherton), G. C. B. (P. C. Pieterse), James W. North (Bideford), R. H. Reynolds (Manchester), W. D. Easton (Sunderland), Corporal T. Laxton (Scots Guards, Windsor), J. Coad, Joseph Dean (Oughtibridge Club), Reginald Gordon, J. J. M. (Clifton), G. Bakker (Rotterdam), C. T. Dursley, R. Worters (Canterbury), George Barclay (Leeds), E. Fear Hill (Trowbridge), R. J. Lonsdale (New Brighton), Shadforth, Thomas Henderson, Charles Burnett, M. Hobhouse, F. R. Pickering (Forest Hill), J. W. (Campsie), Mark Van Boven (Stamford Hill), H. S. Brandreth (Biarritz), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), and Herbert Leatham (Margate).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3053.—By P. H. WILLIAMS.

WHITE.

1. Q to B 2nd
2. Q to Q 3rd (ch)
3. B mates.

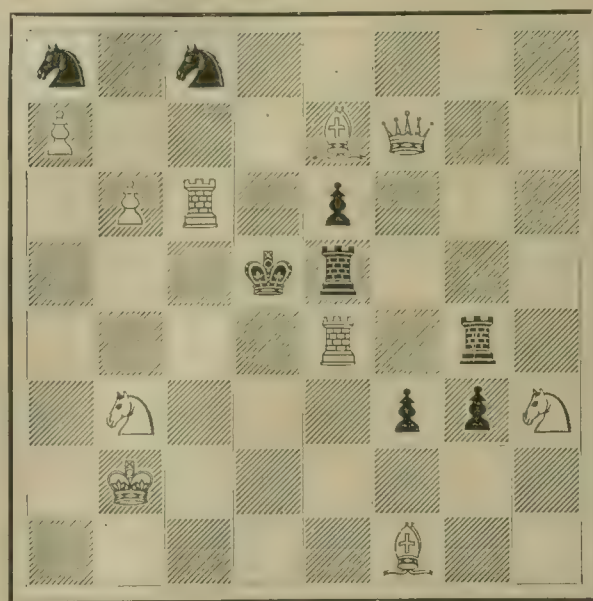
BLACK.

- K takes Kt
- K moves

If Black play 1. P takes Kt, 2. Kt to Kt 4th (ch); and if 1. P to K 4th, then 2. B to B 2nd (ch), etc.

PROBLEM No. 3056.—By R. H. ANDREWS (Jersey).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN HOLLAND.

Game played between Messrs. J. W. te Kolste and H. van Rhijn. (Ruy Lopez.)

- | | | | |
|------------------|----------------|--------------------|------------------|
| WHITE (Mr. K.) | BLACK (Mr. R.) | WHITE (Mr. K.) | BLACK (Mr. R.) |
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | 15. P takes P | B takes P |
| 2. Kt to K B 3rd | Kt to Q B 3rd | 16. Kt to K 3rd | B to K 3rd |
| 3. B to Kt 5th | Kt to B 3rd | 17. K to R 2nd | Kt to B 3rd |
| 4. Castles | B to K 2nd | 18. P to Kt 4th | Q Kt to Q 2nd |
| | | 19. R to K Kt sq | Kt to R 4th |
| | | 20. Kt takes K P | K Kt takes Kt |
| | | 21. Kt takes Kt | B to R 4th |
| | | 22. Q to Q 4th | Kt to B 8th (ch) |
| | | | |
| 5. R to K sq | P to Q 3rd | 23. R takes Kt | Q takes Kt |
| 6. P to B 3rd | Castles | 24. R to K Kt sq | P to K B 3rd |
| 7. P to Q 4th | B to Kt 5th | 25. B to R 6th | R to B 2nd |
| 8. P to Q 5th | Kt to Q Kt sq | 26. Q to Q 3rd | K to B 3rd |
| 9. B to Q 3rd | Q Kt to Q 2nd | 27. R takes P | R takes R |
| | | 28. R to K Kt sq | K to K 3rd |
| | | 29. R takes R | B to B 2nd |
| | | 30. P to K 5th | |
| | | | |
| | | 31. R takes B | P to K 5th |
| | | 32. Q takes P | K to Q sq |
| | | 33. R to Kt 7th | Q to K sq |
| | | 34. K to Kt 2nd | B to B sq |
| | | 35. Q takes Q (ch) | K takes Q |
| | | 36. R to Kt 8th | K to B 2nd |
| | | 37. R takes B (ch) | R takes R |
| | | 38. B takes R | Resigns. |

CHESS IN NEW YORK.

Game played between Messrs. E. DELMAR and E. LASKER. (Four Knights Game.)

- | | | | |
|------------------|----------------|----------------------|----------------|
| WHITE (Mr. D.) | BLACK (Mr. L.) | WHITE (Mr. D.) | BLACK (Mr. L.) |
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | 11. Q to B 4th | R to K 7th |
| 2. Kt to K B 3rd | Kt to Q B 3rd | 12. P to K 3rd | R takes K P |
| 3. Kt to B 3rd | Kt to B 3rd | 13. Kt takes P | R takes P |
| 4. B to Kt 5th | B to Kt 5th | 14. P to Q 4th | R to K sq |
| 5. Castles | P to Q 3rd | 15. Kt to B 4th | R to Q 6th |
| 6. Kt to K 2nd | Castles | 16. Kt to B 4th | R takes P |
| | | 17. Kt to B 4th | R takes P |
| | | 18. B takes B | P takes B |
| | | | |
| | | 19. Q to Kt 3rd (ch) | K to Q 4th |
| | | 20. Q to B 4th | K to R sq |
| | | 21. Q takes P | |
| | | | |
| | | 22. Q to B 4th | R to K 7th |
| | | 23. P to K 3rd | R takes K P |
| | | 24. Kt takes P | R takes P |
| | | 25. P to Q Kt 3rd | R to K sq |
| | | 26. Kt to B 4th | R to Q 6th |
| | | 27. Kt to B 4th | R takes P |
| | | 28. Kt to Q 6th | R takes P |
| | | | |
| | | 29. R to Q B sq | R to R sq |
| | | 30. P to R 3rd | R to Q 6th |
| | | 31. Kt to Kt 5th | R to Q 6th |
| | | 32. Kt to B 7th | R to B sq |
| | | 33. R to K B sq | R to Q 6th |
| | | 34. Kt to Kt 5th | R to B 8th |
| | | 35. K to Kt 5th | P to R 5th |
| | | 36. K to Kt 5th | |
| | | | |
| | | 37. R to Q B sq | R to R sq |
| | | 38. P to R 3rd | R to Q 6th |
| | | 39. Kt to Kt 5th | R to Q 6th |
| | | 40. Kt to B 7th | R to B sq |
| | | 41. R to K B sq | R to Q 6th |
| | | 42. Kt to Kt 5th | R to B 8th |
| | | 43. K to Kt 5th | P to R 5th |
| | | | |

It appears to be immaterial what White

A SCOTTISH MYSTERY.

The worker in romantic history will soon find his occupation gone. The last rose has almost faded, and yearly from mystery's gleaming circle the gems drop away. That fertile field for conjecture, the Man in the Iron Mask, is now exposed to the pitiless analysis of fact, and he is mysterious no more. The Casket Letters and the innocence of Mary no more divide households and eclipse the gaiety of nations, except for those who derive their history from Aytoun's melodramatic "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers." Mary, the beautiful Mary of the sentimentalists, is now snug in the portrait-gallery of historical criminals, while Burke and Hare as yet find no apologists. Pickle the Spy and his detection may have incensed the Gael against Mr. Lang, but he also has been booked beyond doubt for the historian of the future.

Everyone has heard of the Gowrie Conspiracy. Has not that old monarch of the circulating library, Mr. G. P. R. James, whose novels we see are to be issued in twenty-five volumes, made it the subject of a story, "Gowrie," with the romantic passion of King James's giddy spouse, Anne of Denmark, for the young and handsome Earl? A pretty tale, doubtless, like the old legends about Don Carlos, yet rather too much in the vein of Miss Jane Porter's "Scottish Chiefs." Mr. Lang, in "James VI. and the Gowrie Mystery" (Longmans), quotes a Scottish lady, of four generations ago, who said it was a great comfort to think that at the Day of Judgment we shall know the whole truth about the Gowrie Conspiracy at last. We hope Mr. Lang's memory does not here betray him, for the words bear a curious resemblance to Colonel John Hay's "Mystery of Gilgal," and the remark of the bar-keeper about the seemingly blank effect of revolvers. Anyway, one more page is torn from the book of fate, for the facts are now all in, and the verdict cannot be disputed, though we had to wait two hundred years. Abysmal liar and moral knave as was James VI., he was fairly correct here, though he has had himself to blame for the persistent incredulity that awaited his narrative.

Everyone knows about that pot of gold, James's insatiable curiosity, his ride from Falkland to Perth, the death of the Earl and his brother, the man in the turret, and the rescue of the King. With the help of the plans in this book, the reader can construct the scene as clearly as it then took place on that Tuesday, August 5, 1600. The lover of an exciting plot, full of mysteries and inconsistencies, will find his imagination fully gratified in these pages. Mr. Lang says meaningfully enough that the memory of the British Solomon does not smell sweet and blossom in the dust; and it is well perhaps that the taint of the royal moral obliquities does not come out. A theory which the present writer had developed twenty years ago seems to have occurred to a former student of the conspiracy, but the shambling hypocrite has at least not now to bear that particular suspicion. His story was ridiculed in Scotland, in France, and by Elizabeth. Still, Scott, Tytler, and Burton were fully justified in their belief that there was a conspiracy, and that Gowrie was the author of the plot. They were all lawyers, and their legal instinct had kept them correct.

From 1600 to 1608 there was general incredulity. That year added a fresh chapter on the arrest of George Sprot, a notary of Eyemouth, who confessed to a quiet knowledge of the affair, by which Gowrie and Logan of Restalrig were directly implicated as principals. In brief, this famous plot was one to lure James to Perth, and thence convey him, either down the Tay or through Fife and over the Firth of Forth, to Logan's Keep of Fastcastle, the Wolfscrag of "The Bride of Lammermoor." The plot failed because the King came with a larger retinue than had been expected, while the details of the affair had all to be carried out on the original plan. It was a bold scheme, but crude and juvenile in execution. Gowrie was only twenty-two, and his brother eighteen. The complication was all the greater through the action of Sprot: he maintained up to his actual execution his knowledge of the conspiracy, while yet persisting in the assertion that the five letters—implicating Gowrie and Logan—were his own unaided forgery! This hopeless inconsistency was never till now—by fresh documentary evidence, burked by the Crown agents for shameful purposes—made clear. They had been concocted by Sprot, from his personal acquaintance with the facts, in order to blackmail the heirs or executors of Logan. The so-called genuine letters are accordingly, paradoxically enough, all bogus; yet the conspiracy was actually genuine. Such is the theory of Mr. Lang, given in detail from a mass of existing documents hitherto unavailable, and it seems to be entirely conclusive. There is now no more mystery about this celebrated incident in Scottish history. By the facts, old and new, we can colligate the entire mass of details that must be pieced together from State papers, the reports of Elizabeth's spies, and the contemporary annals of Scotland. No other theory can possibly hold the field now.

The main thesis our author conclusively proves. Sprot the forger is a new acquisition to the historical portrait-gallery of rogues, and even yet the labyrinthine track of his lies and equivocations is not clear. He is so far beyond the villains in the weak novels of to-day that readers in search of a sensation should not fail to make his acquaintance in this book. He is the man that Scott could have made much of, while the rough and drunken Logan was the Border knave after his own heart. Not less interesting is the glimpse afforded of the University of Padua, then frequented by Scotsmen, and the belief in witchcraft "learned in Padua far beyond the sea," as Scott says in the "Lay," with a reference to Gowrie that has escaped Mr. Lang. We think the book final and convincing; but why does the writer describe Restalrig as "a mile frae Embro town"? Herein is the nemesis of literary allusiveness. Tom D'Urfey wrote, "'Twas within a furlong of Edinburgh town," and no version of the song knows such a dialectical absurdity as "Embro town." Not even the wildest Kailyard could devise such a phrase. If Mr. Lang sings the song, let him try it in that form.



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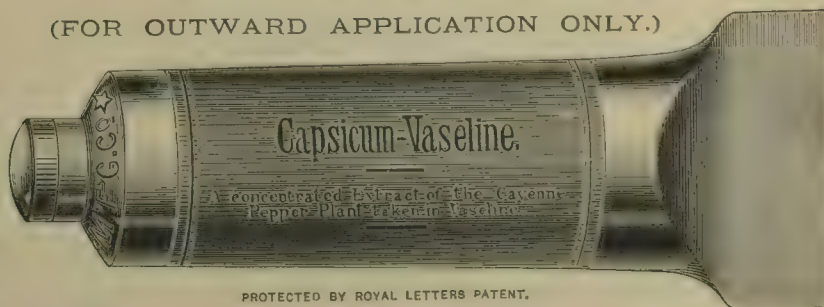
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MR. GLADSTONE'S RECIPE FOR HEALTH AND LONG LIFE.

By Dr. CHAS. F. FORSHAW, M.A., LL.D., D.Sc.,
 Bradford,

Doctor of Dental Surgery of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery; Member of the Council of the Royal Society of Literature; Fellow of the Royal Historical Society; and Member of the Royal Society, Dublin.

Mr. Gladstone's abilities as a statesman are differently appreciated by Liberals and Conservatives, but only one opinion is possible respecting the recipe which he gave for securing good health and a long life.

This statesman up to the end of a long life continued to be one of the most healthy and most vigorous men in the country. At the time of his death he had passed his eightieth year, and he quitted life unwillingly. These results of the *régime* which he always strictly pursued are as remarkable as that *régime* was itself simple. His rule was simple *chew*. He was wont to assure his acquaintances that he made a rule of biting thirty-six times every morsel of food that he took, no matter what it might be. This was, at least, an evidence that he possessed a remarkable jaw.

The manner in which most people eat forms a striking contrast with this rule of Mr. Gladstone's. Most men are contented to put a larger or smaller piece of food into their mouths, to give it a bite or two, and then to swallow the mouthful. Possibly a draught of beer, or of what not else, is added to wash it down. The stomach is left to find out what it can do with the not half-chewed food thus swallowed. The stomach, however, is a member that will not be trifled with. It has work enough of its own to do without that. Its digestive machinery is a marvellous invention of nature. But it is constructed for the digestion of matter that has been well masticated and well mixed with saliva. Nature has not calculated upon having to deal with large lumps of food swimming in beer. So the stomach gives its possessor to understand, as plainly as possible, that it is irritated by the liberties taken with it. It deals perfunctorily with the uncongenial mass, and impatiently passes it on, half digested, to the intestines. This part of the organism is constructed to extract nourishment from food that has been thoroughly digested in the stomach. Its mechanism is by far more delicate than that of the stomach itself, and not only incapable of deriving the full measure of nourishment from unprepared matter, but liable to be

seriously injured by it. The ultimate result is that comparatively little advantage accrues to the organism from the ill-chewed and imperfectly digested victuals. In consequence every other man may be heard constantly complaining of bad digestion, dullness, oppression of the digestive organs, headache, migraine, nervousness, and innumerable other miseries of the same description. A moment's consideration will show that all this is merely natural. Bad digestion results in poor blood, poor blood in lowered health, lowered health in irritability of temper. The ancients called the stomach "the father of all miseries." But what has been said will have made it evident that the mischief does not begin in the stomach, but in the mouth. It is necessary to take *time to eat*. A man who is taking a meal is not running a race. The meals are one of the most serious, and for the health the most important, parts of the whole business of the day. Life can be sustained in no other way than by eating.

So everyone who wishes to keep the body in sound health, to keep it brisk, vigorous, and free from pain and distress, must allow a sufficient time for properly chewed meals. Food that has been well masticated is already half digested; and habit, when once acquired, will render this thorough mastication easy and a mere matter of course. Possibly the notion of biting every morsel of food thirty-six times will at first be ridiculed. But when energy has once been found to acquire this most healthy habit, it will seem incredible that the food was ever swallowed before it had been properly chewed. The excellent effect upon the health, and the economy in diet, resulting from due mastication, will be discovered almost at once. And the habit cannot be too soon acquired. For this reason parents should from the first teach their children to masticate their food thoroughly. No mistake can be more fatal than to chide them, as is often done, for not eating fast enough. The children's natural instincts prompt them to eat slowly; and in this they are wiser than their elders. To contradict nature is the height of folly.

It is, however, evident that to masticate thoroughly good teeth are necessary. To chew meat properly with broken stumps and decayed teeth is as impossible as to chop wood with a broomstick. For this reason one of the first rules of health is to take proper care of the teeth. Hollow teeth should be properly stopped by a dentist. For the rest, every man should accustom himself immediately to taking all necessary precautions to preserve his teeth from injury. What has been said will show that this is necessary not only for the sake of personal appearance, not only for the preservation of the teeth themselves, but still more for the maintenance of health. For reasons of cleanliness may be also added. The impurities that daily pass into the stomach from every mouth that is not kept clean by

rinsing form most serious impediments in the way of thorough digestion.

How, then, shall the teeth be preserved? This is a question to which modern science enables us to give an answer that was until comparatively recent times unknown. For it has now been clearly demonstrated that the destruction of the teeth is due to the action of microbes that feed upon decomposing matter (fragments of food, for instance, which remain in the mouth) and set up chemical action deleterious to the teeth. It follows that the teeth can be protected by the destruction of the microbes and the disinfection of the substances that nourish them. This is done by bringing chemical action to bear upon the microbes and the substances that nourish them—in other words, by rinsing the mouth with an antiseptic fluid such as Odol, the new liquid dentifrice, is.

The general neglect of antiseptic treatment of the mouth seems incredible when we consider how well these facts are known. To protect the teeth thoroughly the mouth should be rinsed at least twice or thrice a day with an antiseptic mouth-wash. To insist sufficiently upon this is impossible. This daily antiseptic cleansing of the mouth is by far more important than regular washing of the hands and face. The new liquid dentifrice Odol has been demonstrated to be the best of all antiseptic mouth-washes, as has been acknowledged by the greatest specialists. It is most important also that the teeth should be attended to daily with an antiseptic fluid. To suppose that tooth-powder alone can suffice is a grave mistake. The ordinary cleansing with tooth-powder or tooth-paste fails to accomplish its end, as the most dangerous foci of decomposition, the backs of the molars and hollows in the teeth, remained uncleansed. Odol has been proved to have an absolutely certain antiseptic effect. It cleanses the mouth and teeth perfectly from all products of decomposition. Rinsing the mouth with Odol is performed in the following manner: First of all a mouthful of Odol-water is held in the mouth for two or three minutes, so that the Odol antiseptic may be everywhere well absorbed. A second mouthful is used to rinse the whole mouth, being driven energetically backwards and forwards through the teeth; and the whole process is concluded with gargling. This process is described as *odolising* the mouth. Everyone who regularly odolises the mouth in the morning, at noon, and in the evening is absolutely secured against all fermentation processes deleterious to the teeth, and will find the effect a most agreeable sense of general bodily health, brightness, and freshness.

For this reason I seriously and earnestly recommend everyone to cultivate the habit of regularly and carefully treating the mouth with Odol; and I am convinced that all who follow this advice will afterwards feel grateful for it.—[ADVT.]



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LADIES' PAGES.

It is very satisfactory to all who believe in the duty of women to share in public work, and their power to do so usefully, to notice that there has been no attempt made to deny the value of the services rendered by women hitherto in the administration of our Education laws. On the contrary, this usefulness has been so fully admitted that when the question was raised in the House of Commons the other day by Mr. Hobhouse as to whether it should not be compulsory on County Councils to place some women upon all the new "Education Committees," the House, as a whole, was so much in favour of this being done that a division was not even challenged; the instruction that every Committee must include at least one woman was carried *nem. con.* But, under the new regulations, even as amended, the position of women members is made worse in two ways: in the first place, they can only be returned indirectly through the County Councils and not by the public election; and, in the second place, it has been repeatedly stated by the Premier that it is the County Councils and not these "Education Committees" that are to be really responsible for everything. The Education Committees are only to be the creation and under the control of County Councils, and women cannot sit upon those Councils. As far as it goes, however, the recognition of women's past services shown by the general desire to retain them for the future is very satisfactory.

Christmas presents are now seriously thought of, and Messrs. Peter Robinson's bazaar is all ready to catch the favouring breezes of public patronage. There is in this great emporium a magnificent stock of fancy goods, as well as of toys and amusements for the children. In the forefront there are the attractive and ever-novel but costly mechanical toys. The most up-to-date is a motor-car, with the chauffeur in goggles and black waterproof coat, and the car painted a bright red. It runs along straight or round-and-round at pleasure in a most lifelike way. Then there is the pretty flower-girl who turns her head and offers you a bunch of blossoms; at the same time from an interior recess a sweet tune is heard. Another delightful device is a doll's trunk of a large size; it contains Mademoiselle herself, as well as her whole wardrobe, tied in with pink ribbons: when the lid is opened, a musical-box begins to play, stopping when the lid is closed. Then we see a tea-room, with the maids in dainty costume serving five o'clock tea to the ladies and gentlemen sitting at the tables. A smart girl-dolly, in the prettiest of clothes, dragging a cart, actually moves her feet to walk when wound up appropriately. These costly gifts are the apex of the show. The rest of the stock comprises myriads of dolls of all sizes and prices, with every requirement for their ladyships' use and convenience—houses, wardrobes, dinner and tea services, and all that the heart of dollydom



A BROWN CLOTH WALKING COSTUME.

could desire; very strongly made animals of many descriptions—the woolly white sheep who cries "baa," the elephant who runs upon wheels, horses, donkeys, and goats, some of them large enough to harness into a practical cart to push baby round the garden in, and some tiny enough for baby to hug. Here we see a whole shelf devoted to cooking-stoves, many of which, provided with safety spirit-lamps, oven and saucepans, are large enough for children to make their first experiments in cooking actual food. Regiments of toy soldiers in tin and in wood, helmets, breastplates, and swords for their juvenile commanders; and Christmas-tree decorations of every sort, and stockings made up for the convenience of Santa Claus, are here; and, in short, all toys in ranks and files as in a toy fairy-land. Nor are the elders forgotten in the bazaar department. There is a large number of charming things in leather, bronze, glass, and wood. There are some capital bronze inkstands, which present a fine appearance for moderate expense. The iridescent glass is also particularly lovely. In the fancy goods department there are some fine bargains in silver and in leather goods. Some of the articles, which are bought in immense quantities by this large firm, are offered at prices which are all but incredible; and others are unique in design.

Our Illustrations show a walking-costume in brown cloth, trimmed with darker brown velvet and embroidery; and an evening dress in white crêpe-de-Chine, tucked to fit the figure at the waist, and trimmed with lace and embroidery. Three finely tucked frills finish the foot of the skirt under a band of the same lace and embroidery.

There are most exquisite trimmings to be had; never, indeed, were such accessories of the toilette more charming than just at present. Sequins of every description, gold, silver, jet, mother-o'-pearl, or moonlight, are embroidered on dainty foundations of net or chiffon, cut out into many and varied shapes. Lace is also lavishly embroidered with sequins and with coloured silks. These fine trimmings are generally made so that they can be separated into motifs without being in any way damaged by parting them from one another; especially is this the case with medallion patterns, which are so very popular. Black-and-white mixtures are effectively given in passementeries and braids; while at the other extreme, and at the moment most fashionable, are the gay-coloured so-called "Japanese" effects. For very smart gowns and for evening frocks there are charming trimmings produced in fancy taffetas cut out in shapes, such as diamonds or ovals, and embroidered round and over with silks, intermingled sometimes with pearls, with sequins, or with tiny jet beads. Lace motifs are similarly treated for ball-dresses. Embroidered tulle, airy and fragile, decorated a lovely crêpe-de-Chine ball-gown; the material was primrose yellow; the white tulle, gathered into oval motifs,

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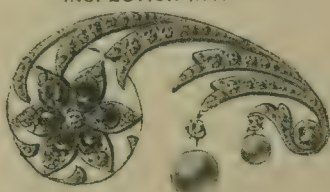
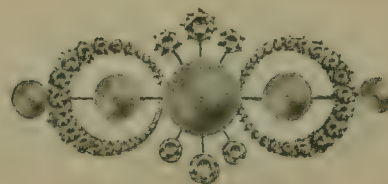


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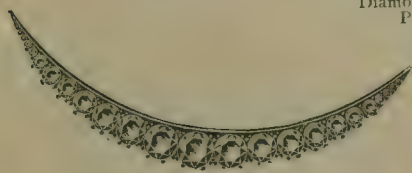
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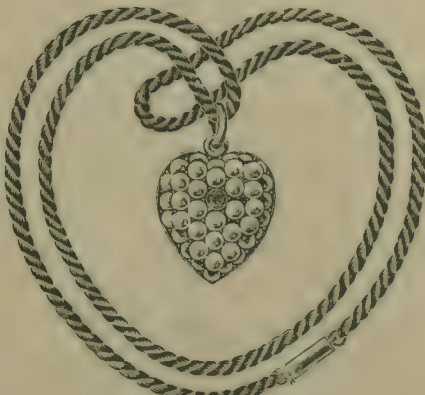
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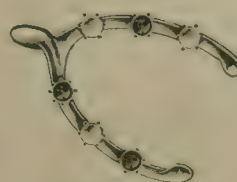
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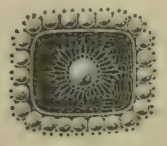
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was spangled with gold sequins and pearls in the centre of each medallion.

Truly they are very pretty, the hats of the present moment. The droop behind of lace, velvet loops, or ostrich feathers, is almost universally becoming, although some of the hats have so much lace falling behind as to cause an association of ideas with a widow's bonnet. When this abundance is fine, real lace, it is all very well. A wide white felt hat has been trimmed by a Paris milliner with quite a large flounce of point-de-gaze. The brim was lined underneath with gathered white chiffon; then the lace was so arranged on top of the brim as to fall in a loose flounce or edging all round, shading the face, and at the back its wide profuse ends hung down so low that they would really rest upon the shoulders. Above this rich trimming of exquisite lace there were long pink and white ostrich plumes, the tips of which mingled on the coiffure with the ends of the delicate dentelle. But while this was superb, and could not but be admired, a similar lavish use of comparatively cheap imitation lace is by no means so commendable. One beautiful hat in white felt was almost covered by three very large pink ostrich plumes, which fell in varying lengths over the back of the head. A combination of pink and white velvet formed into rosettes concealed the quill-ends of these splendid feathers. Fur is very popular also for forming hat-shapes, and is not so heavy in wear as it looks. Some furs are most becoming to the face. The brown furs, I think, are rarely quite favourable, but white broadtail, ermine, and chinchilla, suitably trimmed, are all softening to the complexion and pretty in effect.

The shape of nearly every bonnet is the same; a rather wide capote, not trimmed at all high, but yet well raised above the face in front. Those people who have a strong objection to the wearing of the plumes of the osprey will regret to hear that this finish is still very generally placed upon the bonnets. There is, indeed, nothing which is so light, feathery, and graceful to raise above the shape. It is not, however, indispensable, ostrich feathers being substituted with excellent effect in many cases. Here are some of the prettiest model bonnets to which I have recently been introduced. One in white panne is worked over beautifully with a thick gold cord and green chenille; black velvet is twisted in with this decorative foundation to show over the face, and the twists are held with a diamond buckle; a black and a white ostrich tip wave harmoniously together at the left side. Then comes one composed of white lace laid over orange velvet for the covering of the shape. The brim is constructed of oval shapes in white felt bound round with orange velvet and worked upon with black chenille and



AN EVENING GOWN IN CRÉPE-DE-CHINE.

jet beads. Next appears before my interested gaze a shape of white watered silk, nearly covered with a heavy guipure lace; the brim is overhung by white ostrich tips, and at the left side a cluster of sable tails edge the confection and are caught up sufficiently to furnish the trimming. Fur is very much used upon the new bonnets, sometimes to form an entire shape, in other cases only as decoration. Chinchilla is an especially good fur for the foundation of the bonnet, it is so soft; the utter absence of harshness, allowing it to be moulded exactly to the foundation, and the delicate grey tint both render it particularly suitable for headgear.

Grey and orange is a perfect mixture, and the special millinery colours of this season are, as I think I have previously reported, a particularly vivid orange and an equally brilliant water-cress green. A very smart model, then, is this one. The shape is covered in chinchilla, with bows of orange velvet covered with coarse lace trimming the back and drawn down over the brim, with a large cluster of the long tail-plumage of the bird of Paradise intermingled with the orange bows as trimming on the left side. Roses do very well on fur, although the mixture may sound incongruous. A mink capote trimmed with delicate pink roses and silver-embroidered lace was very effective; and so was a somewhat similar bonnet with the same brown fur for the crown, and a wide bow for the front trimming, all of silver network embroidered with coral; ribbon in coral pink was drawn in straps over the brim and placed to lighten the effect on the crown. Of a number of the successful models in bonnets shown me the general description would seem the same, although the details of the arrangement made them different; but to describe them, one could but say that the foundation was white velvet embroidered all over in gold cord and white chenille, and the trimming, velvet bows and loops, mixed with sable tails, while white osprey or ostrich tips rose above and softened the whole effect. Imagine this general design, with the velvet bows sometimes in green, sometimes rose-pink, sometimes orange, all these colours harmonising well with the gold and white foundation and the smooth, lustrous brown fur, and you will have a mental picture of the smart milliner's show-room with all its treasures displayed. These bonnets, be it understood, all have strings; where the velvet is coloured, naturally the strings are of the same, but where white or fur predominates on the shape, black velvet is used for the bows and strings. Indeed, black velvet strings are added in many cases where it is at all harmonious, without any other portion of the capote being made in the same material. This is because black velvet is supremely becoming to the face. While these bonnets are offered, let it not be supposed that hats and toques are not still by far the most worn. A toque is practically much the same as a bonnet minus the strings, but the toque is wider and less compact, and also it is less regular in outline than the bonnet proper. Hats and toques are worn in the proportion of perhaps fifty to one bonnet still.

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BOVRIL

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Archbishop of Canterbury made an interesting speech at the Mayoral Banquet in the Cathedral city. Dwelling on the character of the English clergy as a whole, he expressed satisfaction that they had got rid of the shooting and hunting parsons. He did not blame men for hunting and shooting, but he confessed that he did not like to see clergymen doing it, and he did not think that members of the Church of England approved of it either. The Archbishop said he had noted a steady upward progress going on in the character of the clergy and the work done by them during the whole of his life. In different parishes in London he had seen such devotion as it would be very difficult to match anywhere else. By arduous labour the clergy were more and more winning the affection of the people at large.

Bishop Thornton, Vicar of Blackburn, is on the friendliest terms with his Nonconformist neighbours. On a recent Sunday he addressed the P.S.A. at the Chapel Street Congregational Church on "The Perils and Safeguards of Freedom."

Dr. John Brown, the biographer of Bunyan, has resigned the pastorate of Bunyan Meeting, Bedford, after a thirty-nine years' ministry. The congregation

are still hoping that Dr. Brown may serve them a little longer with the aid of an assistant.

Very much regret is felt in West London that one of the most learned and popular of the local clergy, the Rev. B. H. Alford, M.A., is likely to resign the living of St. Luke's, Mitford Place, early in the year. He will be greatly missed, especially by the poor in this crowded district. His social gatherings have for years helped to brighten the life of the poorest streets of Marylebone, and he has succeeded in drawing to these entertainments wealthier people from the squares and mansions around. Mr. Alford's elder daughter distinguished herself greatly at Girton, taking a First Class in the Classical Tripos.

Canon Stratten, Vicar of St. Paul's Church, Leeds, will celebrate his jubilee as a Leeds clergyman in January 1903. No figure is better known in the streets of Leeds than that of Canon Stratten, whose unobtrusive charity has made him beloved amongst rich and poor. At an enthusiastic meeting of the congregation and parishioners, it was resolved to hold a thanksgiving service in St. Paul's on Jan. 11, as a worthy celebration of the Vicar's jubilee. An illuminated address will be presented, and it is hoped that a permanent memorial may be raised in the form of an endowment of a bed at some hospital or convalescent home.

The late Rev. J. A. Faithfull, Rector of Whitechapel, was one of the best-known London workers amongst the Jews. In the parish magazine it is stated that the Hebrew Christians are raising a fund to place a tablet on the outside of the church in memory of Mr. Faithfull. The inscription will be in English and Hebrew. A prominent Jewish Christian has said that neither inside the Church nor amongst the Nonconformists is there a single man who takes the same kindly interest in Jews as the late Rector of Whitechapel did for many years.

It has been decided to place a mural tablet and a stained glass window in the Lady Chapel of Salisbury Cathedral in memory of the late Dean Boyle. V.

The London and North-Western Railway Company announce cheap excursion bookings every Saturday until further notice to Bedford, Bletchley, Brackley, Buckingham, Rugby, Woburn Sands, Wolverton, and Newport Pagnell. These are in addition to the special excursion bookings for three, five, or eight days on Friday nights, Nov. 21 and Dec. 5, and Saturday afternoons, Nov. 22 and Dec. 6 to Ashton, Bradford, Guide Bridge, Halifax, Huddersfield, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Oldham, Stockport, and Warrington.

THE GAME OF SALTA.

There can be no doubt that "Salta" is one of the best games that have been invented for many years. This opinion is confirmed by the leading Court journals. The greatest charm is that it is absolutely simple; it is most fascinating to young and old, and promises to become one of the chief attractions of the coming winter evenings. Among the noted players of the game are the German Emperor and Madame Sarah Bernhardt, who, when travelling, is never without her "Salta" board.

Since last winter a charming addition has been made in the form of new rules, called "Leap-frog Salta." This is purely a game of chance, and no doubt welcome to players who want to pass a pleasant hour and are fond of excitement, and is especially suited to young people.



SARAH BERNHARDT PLAYING HER FAVOURITE GAME "SALTA" WITH THE INVENTOR.

This charming Society game is made from 1s. up to £25, and can be had of the leading toy and fancy stores, amongst others of the following London firms: Aldis, Buckingham Palace Road; Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street; John Barker and Company, Limited, Kensington High Street; Civil Service Stores, Haymarket, Strand, and Queen Victoria Street; D. Evans and Company, Limited, Oxford Street; Gamage, Limited, Holborn; Hamley's, Holborn and Regent Street; W. Hanney, Westbourne Grove; Harrods' Stores, Brompton Road; Junior Army and Navy Stores, Regent Street; C. Morrell, Oxford Street and Burlington Arcade; W. Owen, Westbourne Grove; Parkins and Gotto, Oxford Street; Shoobred and Sons, Tottenham Court Road; W. Whiteley, Westbourne Grove; or can be obtained through any stationer.

Leveson's Bath Chairs and Invalids' Chairs have been ordered by His Majesty's Government for the use of the Invalid Soldiers from the War.

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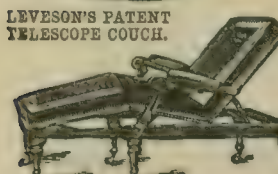
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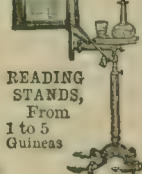
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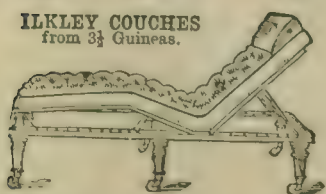
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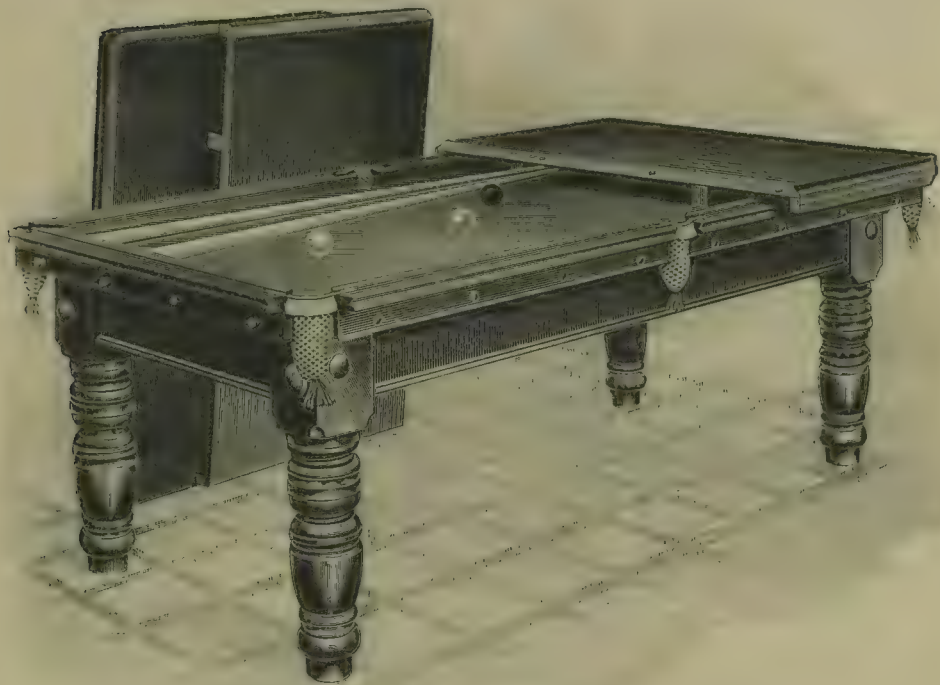
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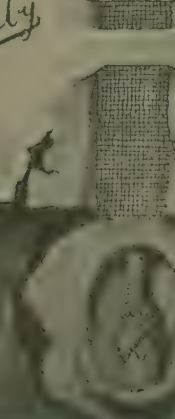
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 23, 1892), with three codicils (dated Feb. 2, 1893, July 30, 1897, and March 21, 1900), of Mr. James Craig, of Blounts Court, Peppard, Oxon, formerly M.P. for Newcastle, who died on Aug. 28, was proved on Nov. 4 by Herbert James Craig, the son, the Rev. William Walter Adamson, and Robert Watson Cooper, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £135,919. The testator bequeaths £500, all his furniture and domestic effects, and one sixth of the income from all his property, to his wife, Mrs. Kate Sophia Craig; a small annuity to his niece, Minnie Craig; and £50 to Robert Watson Cooper. The residue of his estate and effects he leaves to his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Dec. 19, 1898), with three codicils (dated Jan. 12 and Feb. 22, 1899, and March 3, 1902), of Mr. James Hervey, of The Whins, Alderley Edge, who died on Sept. 17, was proved on Nov. 4 by Charles Hervey, the son, Miss Delphine Hervey, the daughter, Walter Greg, and David Smith, the executors, the value of the estate being sworn at £126,886. The testator bequeaths £18,000 to his son Charles; £5000 to his daughter Delphine; and a few small annuities. The residue of his property he leaves in equal shares to his children, Arthur, Mrs. Mary Ferrier Napier, Mrs. Elizabeth MacLeay, and Delphine.

The will (dated Dec. 31, 1901) of Mr. Daniel King, of Cintra, Beckenham, and 14, St. Mary Axe, shipowner, who died on June 25, was proved on Nov. 8 by Mrs. Ellen King, the widow, Robert Greening, and Frank Herbert Walsham, the executors, the value of the estate being £88,925. The testator gives £4000, upon trust, for his daughter Dorothy; £2000, upon trust, for Edith Maud Williams; and £50 to Emily Blyth. The residue of his property he leaves as to one moiety thereof to his wife, and the other moiety to his sons Lewis Daniel, Harold Edwin, and Stanley George.

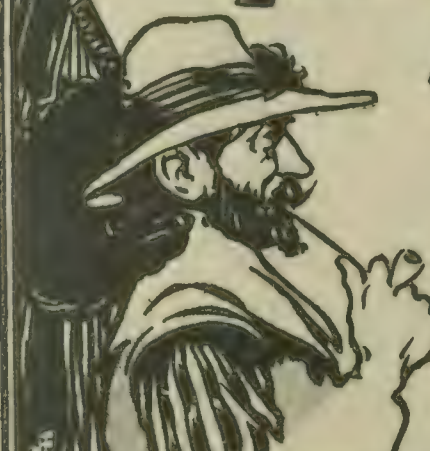
The will (dated May 9, 1900), with a codicil of Oct. 14, 1902, of Mr. John Bennett Lee, of Summerfield, Ravensbourne Park, Catford, and of Woolpack Buildings, E.C., timber-merchant, who died on Oct. 27, was proved on Nov. 7 by Edgar Blaker Lee, John Bennett Lee, and Herbert Faulkner Lee, the sons, and James Blaker, the executors, the value of the estate being £86,692. Subject to a legacy of £100 each to his daughters Gertrude Anna and Constance Mary, he leaves all his property in equal shares to his children and the issue of any child who may have predeceased him.

The will (dated July 28, 1902), with a codicil (made on the day following), of Dr. John Hall Gladstone, F.R.S., of 17, Pembroke Square, Bayswater, who died on Oct. 6, was proved on Nov. 5 by George Gladstone, the brother,

and Basil Holmes, two of the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £73,383. After appointing the trust funds passing under the will of Mr. Charles Tilt, the father of his first wife, to his children Florence May, Elizabeth Augusta Bach, Isabella Matilda Holmes, and Caroline May, he bequeaths £15,000, in trust, for his daughter Margaret Ethel Macdonald; a sum equal to three years' subscriptions to the London Missionary Society, the London City Mission, the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the Evangelisation Society; £250 to his daughter Florence May for the Latymer Road Mission; an annuity of £300 to his brother George; £300 each to his executors and to the widow of his deceased brother Thomas; £200 each to his grandchildren; £300 to his cousin, Mrs. Jane Macfarlane, and £100 each to her children; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his daughters.

The will (dated July 31, 1902), with a codicil (of Sept. 6 following), of Mr. Thomas Chilton, J.P., of 2, Aigburth Drive, Sefton Park, Liverpool, who died on Sept. 9, has been proved by Miss Florence Margaret Chilton, the daughter, James Johnston Dobbie, the son-in-law, and Mark Field, the executors, the value of the estate being sworn at £67,138. The testator gives £1000 to, and two hundred £50 shares in Lloyd's Bank, and fifteen hundred £5 shares in the Wearmouth Coal Company, in trust for, his son Charles Stuart; £100

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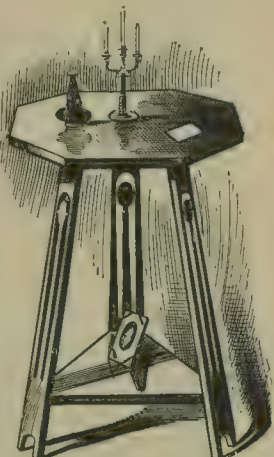


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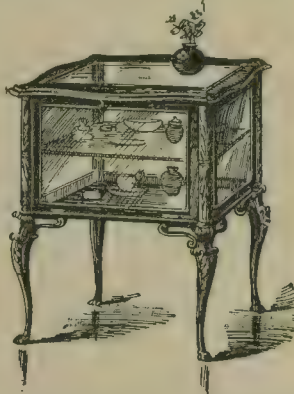
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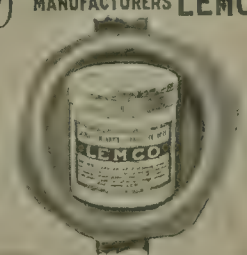
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"ACCURATE TO THE SECOND."**BENSON'S ENGLISH KEYLESS WATCHES**

Amongst others
"THE FIELD" WATCH
is the most elegant and accurate Timekeeper made, finely adjusted, fully jewelled, and in solid 18ct Gold Cases, £25 cash; or on **"THE TIMES" SYSTEM** by 25/- a month.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT
that lasts a lifetime.

All WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELS, BAGS, &c., are supplied on **"THE TIMES" SYSTEM OF PURCHASE** by MONTHLY PAYMENTS.

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BEST SHEFFIELD MAKE.**REAL HAMBURG GROUND.****KROPP RAZOR**

ALWAYS READY
FOR USE.

NEVER REQUIRES
GRINDING.

WARRANTED PERFECT

ENGLISH MANUFACTURE.

Black Handle 5/6	Kropp Strop Paste 6d.
Ivory Handle 7/6	Kropp Shaving Stick 6d.
A PAIR IVORY HANDLE RAZORS	Kropp Badger Hair Shaving Brushes
in RUSSIA LEATHER CASE, 21/-	5/6, 7/6, 10/6 each.

KROPP "DUPLUX" STROP

MADE OF SPECIALLY PREPARED RUSSIA LEATHER AND CANVAS FOR HOLLOW-GROUND RAZORS.

Price
7/6
each.Price
7/6
each.

Wholesale: OSBORNE GARRETT and CO., London, W.

each to his executors; £1000 to his daughter Florence Margaret; his household furniture between his unmarried daughters; and £100 to the Rev. Richard Armstrong. The residue of his property he leaves to his children—Thomas, Mary S. Creaghe-Haward, Caroline Roseta Wright, Hilda Barbara, Emma, Violet Dobbie, and Florence Margaret.

The will (dated July 9, 1902) of Mr. Frank Taylor, of Ash Lawn, Heaton, Bolton, who died on July 30, was proved on Nov. 10 by Mrs. Mary Wilkinson Heyworth Taylor, the widow, Thomas Harwood, Frederick Cooper, and Alexander Lawson Ormrod, the executors, the value of the estate being £63,904. The testator gives £500, and the household furniture, and during the time she remains his widow the use of Ash Lawn and an annuity of £1200, or of £350 should she again marry, to his wife; £100 each to his other executors; £1000 to the Congregational Chapel, Deane Road, Bolton, for the augmentation of the yearly income; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his children; but in default of issue, in equal shares for his four executors; but he expresses a wish, without

implying a trust, that they would apply the income for such religious and charitable institutions as they might select.

The will (dated Dec. 5, 1901) of Captain James Octavus Machell, of Bedford Cottage, Exning, Newmarket, and Crackenthorpe Hall, Appleby, who died on May 11, has been proved by Captain Robert Scott Machell, the brother, and Arthur James d'Albani, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £47,569. The testator gives £8000, upon trust, for his brother, Robert Scott, for life, and then for his nephew Walter; £2000 to his jockey, George Chaloner; £500 to his godson, Reuben James Charles Jewitt, the eldest son of his late trainer, James Jewitt; and £1000 and his wearing-apparel and body-linen to his man, Wesley Gilbert. The Crackenthorpe Hall estate and the residue of his property he leaves to his nephew Percy Wilfrid Machell.

The will (dated May 8, 1902) of Mr. Charles William Bardwell, of The Beacon, Surbiton, Recorder of Kingston-on-Thames, who died on Oct. 13, was proved on Nov. 7 by Noel Dean Bardwell and Arthur Hamilton

Bardwell, the sons, and Robert Joseph Preston, the executors, the value of the estate being £26,639. The testator bequeaths £300 to his wife, Mrs. Frances Ann Bardwell; £75 per annum between his sisters Isabella Emily and Florence, while spinsters; £20 to the fund for the restoration of the chancel of All Saints' parish church, Kingston; and a legacy to Mr. Preston. His residuary estate is to be held, in trust, to pay the income thereof to Mrs. Bardwell, for life, and then, as to one half thereof, for his daughters, Evelyn Kate and Dora Frances, and one half between his three sons, Noel Dean, Arthur Hamilton, and Hugh Rosser.

A point that will give special interest to the Rudge-Whitworth Stand No. 95 at the forthcoming Stanley Show is the fact that an entirely new grade of machine will there be exhibited for the first time. It will be known as the "Aero-Special," and will contain many novel features, among the most important of which are to be extreme lightness, an aluminium rim on an entirely novel system, a new and original form of crank-bracket mechanism, and an entirely novel and light pedal.

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The age and genuineness of this Whisky are guaranteed by the Excise Department of the Canadian Government by Certificate over the capsule of every bottle.

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Rowland's ODONTO

a pure, fragrant non-gritty tooth powder:

WHITENS THE TEETH,

prevents decay, and sweetens the breath.

Sold by Stores, Chemists, and A. Rowland & Sons, Hatton Garden, London.

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All the most beautiful women use

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M^{rs} ADELINA PATTI says:
« Have found it very good indeed ».

For restoring and beautifying the complexion it is unequalled. Chaps, Sunburn, Redness, Roughness disappear as if by magic.

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TRADE MARK

PRICE 6^d. PER BOX.

They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no skill to use. Made in five colours.

12 CURLERS IN BOX. FREE BY POST, 8 STAMPS.
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.

Beware of SPURIOUS IMITATIONS, now being sold by Drapers and Others. The Genuine bear our TRADE MARK on the Right-Hand Corner of each Label.

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BERNERS ST., W., AND CITY ROAD, E.C., LONDON.

HIGH PRESSURE STEAM PREPARED

SYMINGTON'S PEA FLOUR

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FOR THICKENING SOUPS, GRAVIES, &C.

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A New Scientific Invention, entirely different in construction from all other devices. Assist the deaf when all other devices fail, and where medical skill has given no relief. They are soft, comfortable, and invisible. Have no wire or string attachment.

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Improved Physical Culture

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Strength
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Mr. E. C. BREDIN, champion athlete and record holder, author of "Running and Training," has in conjunction with Mr. H. Smeed, late manager of Sandow's Postal Instruction Department, devised a very much improved system of physical training for all in search of vigorous health. Fee for ladies or gentleman's 3 months' course £1 1s. On receipt of 10 6 initial course will be forwarded.

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49, Rupert St., London, W.

The late Earl of Beaconsfield,
Sir Morell Mackenzie,
Oliver Wendell Holmes,
Miss Emily Faithful,
The late Gen. W. T. Sherman,
and many other persons of distinction have testified to the remarkable efficacy of

HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA

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Prescribed by the Medical Faculty throughout the world. It is used as an inhalation and without any after bad effects.

A Free Sample and detailed Testimonials free by post. In Tins, 4s. 3d.

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'DARTRING' TOILET 'LANOLINE'

is an exquisite emollient which protects delicate skins and prevents roughness. It is a natural product obtained from the purified fat of lambs' wool, and is readily absorbed.

Of all chemists, in collapsible tubes, at 6d. and 1s. each.

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'Lanoline' Preparations.

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FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

Is the Best LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.

Prevents the decay of the TEETH.
Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE.
Is perfectly harmless, and Delicious to the Taste.
Is partly composed of Honey and extracts from sweet herbs and plants.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the world.
2s. 6d. per bottle.

FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER only,
Put up in glass jars, price 1s.
Prepared only by THE ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG CO., Ltd.,
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Arms, Crests, and Mottoes of Nobility, present and past.
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The Label of the ORIGINAL and GENUINE Euxesis is printed with Black Ink ONLY on a Yellow Ground, and bears this TRADE MARK—

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From all Chemists, Hairdressers, &c.

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Scotch White Wincey

Is the most useful and delightful wearing and washing material extant. Absolutely unshrinkable, and in the better qualities almost everlasting.

For Babies' Frocks, for Summer Dresses, for Blouses, for Tennis, for Underwear, for Night-gowns, from 1/- to 3/6 per yard. Also

SHEPHERD CHECK SCOTCH WINGEY
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PLAIN COLOURED SCOTCH WINGEYS.
Also in colours for Underwear and Blouses.

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SPECIALTIES IN GLASS.

TURTLE JELLY.
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Cure **COUGH, COLD, HOARSENESS, and INFLUENZA.**
Cure any **IRRITATION or SORENESS of the THROAT.**
Relieve the **HACKING COUGH in CONSUMPTION.**
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Clear and give Strength to the **VOICE OF SINGERS.**
And are indispensable to **PUBLIC SPEAKERS.**

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The Newest Thing in the World for Engagement Rings.

Brilliants, £15.

"Rings and True Friends are Without Ends."

Opals and Brilliants, £8 8s.

Appropriate Posies inside each Ring.

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Obtainable on "THE TIMES" Successful Plan of Monthly Payments.

For particulars see Guide Book, profusely illustrated, of Rings, with size card, &c., post free.

Brilliants, £8 10s.

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ADJUSTABLE END SETTEES
Well Upholstered and Covered in
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Make a note, this will not appear again.

SPECIAL OFFER FOR XMAS.

As a means of introducing our No. 8 New Patent Pocket Case, or Traveller's Wallet of Three dozen "SILKY-FIBRE" Handkerchiefs, price 1/-, we will, until the end of the year, PRESENT IT FREE to all purchasers of our 2/6 box of 100 Aseptic Handkerchiefs, or of our 2/6 box of 100 Fancy Coloured Japanese Serviettes.

The "LANCET" says: "They are beautifully soft and highly absorbent."
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To be had of all Chemists, &c.; but to obtain advantages of this offer mention this paper direct to Sole Manufacturers: THE TOILET NOVELTIES CO., BRISTOL.

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DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS.

DR. HASSALL, the great authority on Food, writes:—

"I have carefully analysed a sample of the well-known ANGOSTURA BITTERS of Messrs. SIEGERT & HIJOS. I find that they consist of a mixture of certain bitter, aromatic, and carminative substances, together with alcohol, added as a preservative and solvent, and that they are altogether free from admixture with any dangerous or deleterious compound, as strychnine for example, so commonly present in what are termed 'Pick-me-ups.' These Bitters constitute, in fact, a very useful and wholesome tonic when employed in suitable cases."

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Author of "Food, and its Adulterations," "Adulterations Detected," and late Editor of "Food, Water, and Air."

Of all Wine Merchants, &c.

CENTRAL DEPOT: KÜHNER HENDERSON & CO., 115, Cannon St., E.C.

You can handle any pen like this, but the essential pen to use is

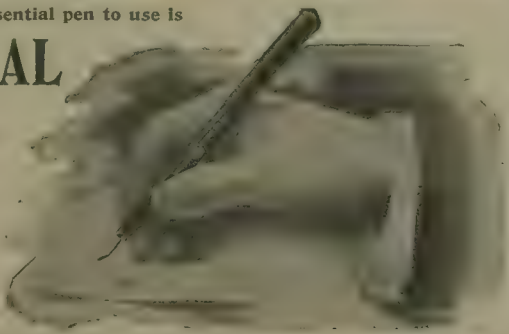
WATERMAN'S IDEAL Fountain Pen

Whatever pen you handle, you will not get the same perfect result. No stopping, jerking, blotting, smudging—it just goes on writing—keeps on writing. It makes writing easy and the writer into a Dip-no-more.

From 10/6, from Stationers, Jewellers, &c.

IN SILVER and GOLD for PRESENTATIONS.

L. & G. HARDTMUTH, 12, Golden Lane, LONDON, E.C.



PIMPLES

The Purest, Sweetest Cure.

GENTLY smear the face with CUTICURA OINTMENT, but do not rub. Wash off the Ointment in five minutes with CUTICURA SOAP and HOT water, and bathe freely for some minutes. Repeat this treatment morning and evening. Use the Soap alone, with hot water at other times, as often as agreeable. Take the CUTICURA RESOLVENT PILLS, sufficient to keep every function in a state of healthy activity.

N. B.—A sluggish condition of the stomach, bowels, liver, kidneys, bladder, and uterine functions is often the cause of facial eruptions which the CUTICURA RESOLVENT PILLS readily correct and cure, while clogging of the pores or sebaceous glands is prevented by CUTICURA SOAP and hot water.

MILLIONS USE CUTICURA SOAP

Assisted by CUTICURA OINTMENT, the great skin cure, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands, for baby rashes and chafings, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Millions of women use CUTICURA SOAP in the form of baths for annoying irritations and inflammations, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and for many sanative, antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves.

COMPLETE CURE FOR EVERY HUMOUR, consisting of CUTICURA SOAP to cleanse the skin; CUTICURA OINTMENT to heal the skin; and CUTICURA RESOLVENT PILLS, to cool and cleanse the blood. A SINGLE SET is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, and scaly skin, scalp, and blood humours, rashes, itches, and irritations, with loss of hair, when all else fails.

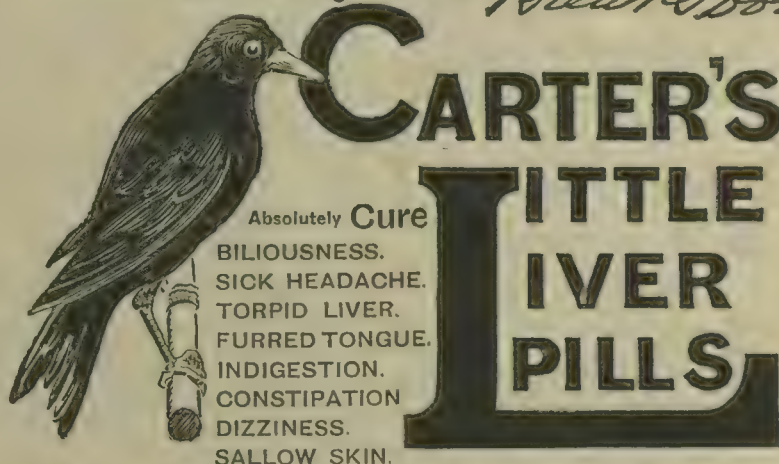
CUTICURA RESOLVENT PILLS (Chocolate Coated) are the new, tasteless, economical substitute for the celebrated liquid CUTICURA RESOLVENT.

CUTICURA PREPARATIONS are sold throughout the world. British Depot: 27-28, Charterhouse Sq., London. French Depot: 5 Rue de la Paix, Paris. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY

Genuine CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS must bear

Fac-simile Signature of *Wm. Wood*



They TOUCH the LIVER

Genuine Wrapper Printed on
WHITE PAPER, BLUE LETTERS.

Look for the Signature. *Wm. Wood*

Small Pill.
Small Dose.
Small Price.

Foots' Bath Cabinet



A PURIFIED BODY.

The most natural healer and invigorant known is the application of heat to the body in the form of hot air or vapour. It forces out impurities through the pores of the skin, stimulates the blood, vitalizes the whole body, produces a delicious sense of cleanliness, and that delightful feeling of health and vigour. Nothing else is so effective in stopping Colds, curing Rheumatism, Lumbago, Influenza, Blood, Skin, Liver and Kidney complaints. Every form of

Hot Air, Vapour or Medicated Baths

can be enjoyed privately at home with a Foots' Patent Folding Bath Cabinet. The only perfectly satisfactory and absolutely safe Cabinet made. Has the most perfect outside Heater and the Bath is not in any way fastened to the Cabinet. The advantages are many. The pleasure great. Its regular use means increased vitality and a purified body that is able to withstand extreme heat and cold, and that has the power to ward off disease. Dr. Gordon Stables says: "Foots' Bath Cabinet is the best."

Write for our "Bath Book." It is Free.

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The
Safe
Kind

MISCELLANEOUS.

An early and welcome arrival among Christmas Numbers is "Holly Leaves," published on Nov. 22. The name of this annual, which has become a household word, at once declares it to be the Christmas Number of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, which this year more than sustains its reputation for excellence. With the number is given a splendid coloured supplement, after the historical painting by R. Caton Woodville, entitled "All that was Left of Them," which depicts one of the most thrilling incidents in the Boer War. The number includes a fine collection of pictures and stories by eminent artists and writers. Among the artists may be mentioned A. Forestier, F. H. Townsend, Louis Wain, Fred Pegram, and

Gordon Browne. The excellence of the literary contributions is vouched for by the names of A. E. W. Mason, Rita, and Clo Graves.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor has made yet another venture in journalism. *T.P.'s Weekly*, the latest born of the "penny populars," is likely to justify that description. Although it is necessarily built up of detached items, these are of a rather more literary character than we usually associate with such collections, and the whole trend of the publication, as is inevitable in anything produced under the ægis of "T.P.," makes for intelligence. Mr. O'Connor himself contributes "The Book of the Week," a review of Sir Leslie Stephen's "George Eliot." A noteworthy experiment is Mr. O'Connor's proposal to print every week "one noble passage of prose

from a master of the English language." He makes a sufficiently sensational opening with Froude's description of the execution of Mary Queen of Scots. The paper has our most cordial good wishes.

No secrets, even those of the Chancelleries of Europe, are more jealously guarded than the recipes for the wonderful liqueurs compounded by the monks of the Grande Chartreuse. The learned and courteous brethren will show visitors over their factory at Fourvoirie, and we have received a little book, which with picture and story reveals much of the ways and methods of the ancient community, but, of course, the mysterious compounds remain unexplained. One thing, however, is no secret, and that is the excellence of the Elixir Végétal, the green, yellow, and white Chartreuse.

Dr. J. M. BARRIE says: "WHAT I call 'ARCADIA' in 'My Lady Nicotine' is the 'GRAVEN' Mixture, and no other."



4-lb. Sample Tin, 2/6; Postage 3d. extra.

J. J. CARRERAS,
7, Wardour Street, Leicester Square, LONDON, W.,
OR ANY TOBACCONIST.

A barrel of Monkeys



Is pretty funny, but not more so than our clever puzzle

"The Changing Faces"

What People Say About It:

"The most mysterious thing I ever saw, and very fitting that it should be distributed by the makers of the best shaving soap in the world."

"The greatest puzzle of the century."

"A wonderful piece of ingenuity."

"Every one is mystified, and no one is able to see how the change is made."

"I puzzled over it nearly all one forenoon, before I tumbled to the trick. It's the slickest thing I ever saw."

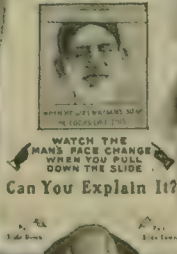
This puzzle

FREE

for 1d. stamp to cover cost of mailing.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.,
65 Great Russell Street,
LONDON, W. C.

Williams' Shaving Soap



WATCH THE MAN'S FACE CHANGE WHEN YOU PULL DOWN THE SLIDE. Can You Explain It?

TRIUMPH

The Triumph of the Creation
Is the creation of the Triumph.
"The best Bicycle that British workmanship can produce."
TRIUMPH CYCLE CO., LTD., COVENTRY.
4 & 5, Holborn Viaduct, LONDON, E.C. 4.
20, Deansgate Arcade, MANCHESTER.

CYCLES

"TATCHO" FOR HAIR-GROWTH

The Hon. Mrs. GORDON writes—

"3, Northumberland St., Edinburgh, Aug. 28, 1902.

"The Hon. Mrs. Gordon has derived much benefit from 'TATCHO.'"

Major-General KEATE—

"I find 'TATCHO' excellent, and better than anything I have ever tried in the course of a long life. I could not have believed that any preparation could do so much good in so short a time."

If you are desirous of experiencing the same benefit as the users whose letters are quoted in this announcement, you can do so by availing yourself of one of the

Full-size 4/6 Trial Bottles, carriage paid, for 1/10,

CONTAINING ONE MONTH'S SUPPLY.

"TATCHO" must not be confounded with what are commonly known as simple dressings "for the hair."

"TATCHO" is for the lack of hair.

"TATCHO" is odourless, and is NEITHER GREASY NOR STICKY.

In bottles, 1/-, 2/6, and 5/-. Chemists and Stores.

"TATCHO" DEPOT, 81, Great Queen Street, Holborn, London, W.C.

Caw's Fountain Pens

Are POPULAR ALL OVER THE WORLD

THE NEW "SAFETY" PEN
from 12/6 to 26/- each.

THE "DAINTY" PEN
5/- and 9/- each.

THE "DASHAWAY" PEN
from 10/6 to 24/- each.

THE "EASY" PEN
from 8/- to 16/6 each.

STYLOGRAPHIC PENS
From 5/- to 10/6 each.

Illustrated Catalogue of all Stationers, or of the Sole Wholesale Agents:
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Great New Street, London, E.C.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, LTD., BELFAST,

And 164, 166 & 170, REGENT ST., LONDON, W. [Telegraphic Address: "LINEN—Belfast,"]



Irish Linen & Damask Manufacturers and Furnishers to
HIS GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING, H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES,
Members of the Royal Family, and the Courts of Europe.

Supply the Public with Every Description of

HOUSEHOLD LINENS,

From the Least Expensive to the FINEST in the World, which, being Woven by Hand, wear longer and retain the Rich Satin appearance to the last. By obtaining direct, all intermediate profits are saved, and the cost is no more than that usually charged for common-power loom goods.

FULL DETAILED ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS AND SAMPLES POST FREE.

N.B.—To Prevent Delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be sent Direct to Belfast.

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THE ORIGINAL FIRM.

Established
1838.



Silver,
£10 10s.

Lady's Case, in Leather, lined with Silk, convenient size, 16 in., fully fitted with handsomely chased Silver Fittings, as shown. Price complete, £10 10s.

FISHER, 188, STRAND.

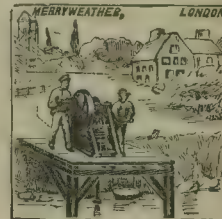
MERRYWEATHERS

ON

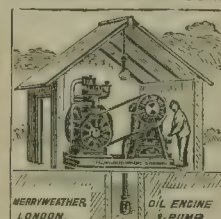
WATER SUPPLY TO MANSIONS.



ELECTRIC MOTOR AND PUMP.



LIFT AND FORCE PUMP.



OIL ENGINE AND PUMP.



"HOMESTEAD" PUMP.

Write for Revised Pamphlet on "Water Supply to Mansions."
Merryweather & Sons, Water Engineers (Established 204 years), 63, Long Acre, W.C. Works: Greenwich, S.E.

SEEGER'S

Annual Sale, 362,000 Bottles.

Of all Hair-dressers, 2/-, or plain sealed case, post free 2/2. HINDS, LIMITED, FINSBURY, LONDON, E.C.

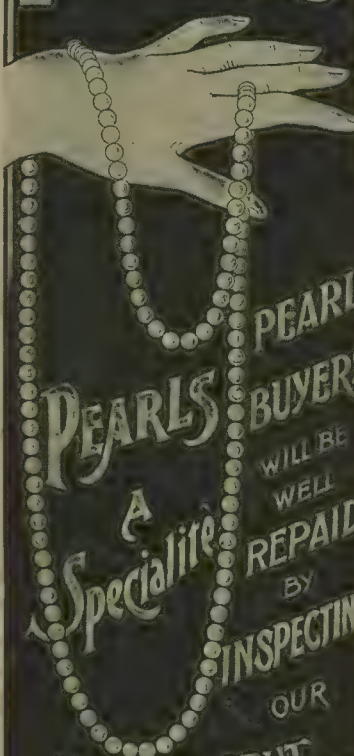
HAIR DYE

HINDE'S

Circumstances alter cases,
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real hair savers. **WAVERS**

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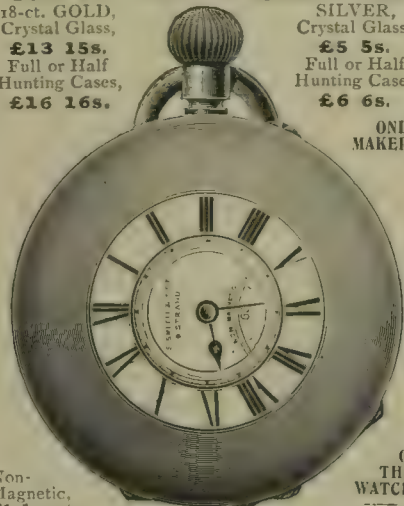
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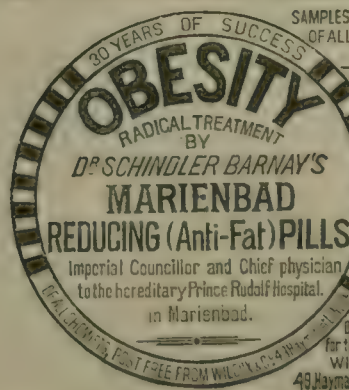
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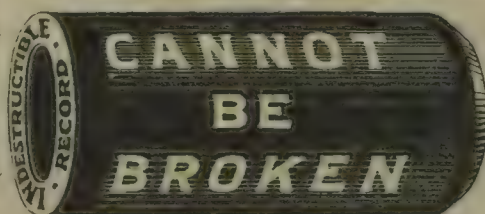
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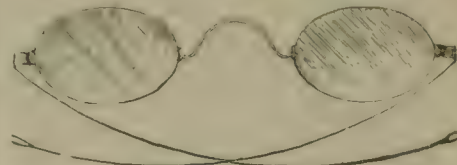
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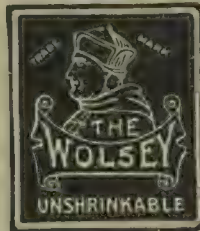
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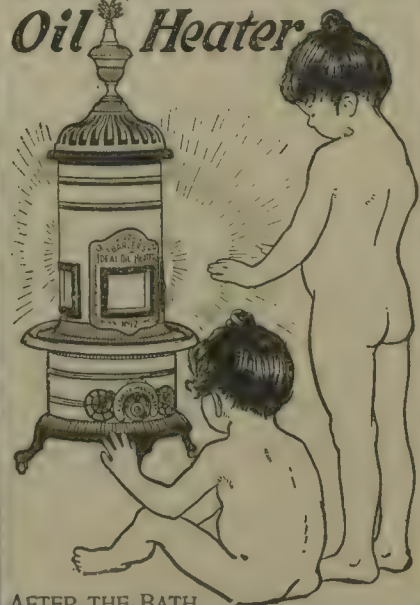
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A woman with voluminous, curly blonde hair. A large red flower is tucked into her hair at the top. She has a soft expression and is looking slightly to the left. She is wearing a dark, high-collared garment over a light-colored, ruffled blouse. A large red rose is pinned to her chest.

XMAS
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Published at 108, Strand, London, W.

CHRISTMAS EVE



"Noel, Noel," the sacred strain
From heavenly voice and viol rings,
And lo! the children's window-pane
Is curtained by angelic wings.

NOEL.
DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

They enter, o'er the cot they lean;
Then the melodious vision flies,
Heard but by innocence, unseen
Save to the children's dreaming eyes.

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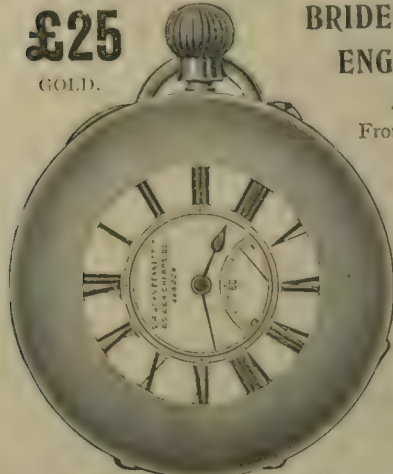
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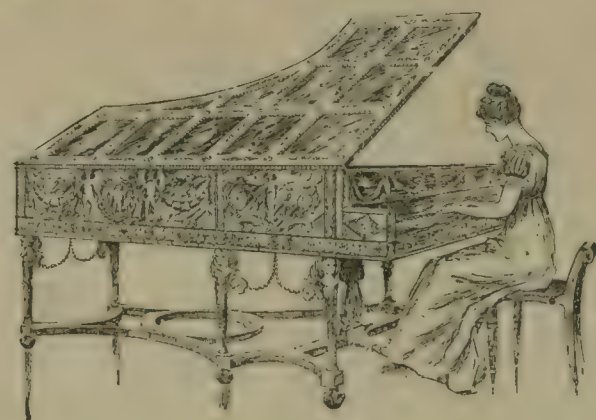
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With stirring heart the old knight turns
From where the Yule-log gaily burns,
To view in deep reflective mood
The suit that many a shock withstood.
Let no rust the armour stain
That brings his battles back again!

WHAT HE SAW IN THE ARMOUR.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

'Tis the night of peace, and lo!
Yonder hangs the mistletoe;
So in that bright cuirass he reads,
Another tale than doughty deed-
Ah, Marian! what can ail your mind,
That to a mirror you are blind?



Over the ice
In the stinging air
Chasing the ball,
Little we care
For fashion's device
Or the dainty fall
Of the robes we wear.

A STUDY IN CONTRAST:
EMANCIPATION.

DRAWN BY LUCIEN DAVIS, R.I.

Maidens we
Of the twentieth century,
Claiming our right
To everything ventury;
Frolicsome free,
Man's equal in might
At goal or at tee.



But though we affect
The sports of a man,
We dare not neglect
The cult of the fan;
And the sweep of a gown
Right deftly we plan,
With an eye to renown.

A STUDY IN CONTRAST:
CONVENTION.

DRAWN BY LUCIEN DAVIS, R.I.

Yes, we are the girls
Who swept the lagoon
In gyrating whirls,
The long afternoon.
We count it for wealth
That our sport brings the boon
Of beauty and health.



It cannot be this dainty three
Is at a loss to know
The proper place wherein to hang
The sacred mistletoe?

WHERE SHALL WE HANG THE MISTLETOE?

DRAWN BY MARCELLA WALKER.

But should they be, full easily
Their riddle may be read:
The fittest station for the bough
Is surely overhead!



A flash of lightning showed him the white robe, the wings, the golden aureole.

GOLD, FRANKINCENSE, AND MYRRH.

By FLORA ANNIE STEEL.

Illustrated by R. CATON WOODVILLE.

"OH! MUMMY," said the Boy as his mother slipped a sort of nightgown over his trim little khaki uniform, "I shink it'sh shkittles!"

Boy's invariable dissent—picked up about the barracks of an Indian cantonment—was applied in this instance both to the angelic robe represented by the nightgown, and the angelic part the child was to play in it.

For it was Christmas Eve, and the vague desire for peace and goodwill which, even in these latter days, comes with Christmastide, had made the English aliens in the station devise a Tree for those still greater aliens—the Boer prisoners—who lived among them in the strange spider's web of barbed wire, which to the casual eye seemed so inefficient a prison for enemies who had defied capture so long, so bravely.

It was Boy's mother who had started the idea. She was one of those women, lovable utterly, not always reasonable, who find solace in dramatising their own sorrows. So when, two years before, her husband, commanding a native cavalry regiment still quartered in the station, had been ordered to Africa on Staff duty, she had remained on in the big house, sharing it with a friend, and continuing religiously to care for all things for which her absent soldier had cared—even for the regiment which was still so proud of its Colonel at the front.

It was a heartrending solace, indeed, to see the native officers and men, when they inquired for the latest news, salute Boy as solemnly as they would have saluted his father; and it pleased her to perceive that the only regard these warriors had for *her* was as guardian of their Sahib's honour and his only son; for the well-being of which things they were fiercely jealous.

To this woman, militant to the heart's core, yet sentimentally pitiful, it had seemed appropriate that Boy—son of the only fighting father in the station—should play the part of the "*Christ-kind*," the Bringer of good gifts at the Christmas-tree. There was no geographical or ethnological reason why this German custom should obtain among the Boers, but Boy's mother had recollections of schooldays abroad, and thought that her little son, with his aureole of red hair and grave baby face, so like the absent hero, would look sweet in the part.

"It isn't skittles at all, Boy," she said softly. "Remember what I told you about loving your enemies."

"I'd wather fight 'em like Daddy," replied Boy, drawing from its scabbard the miniature sword of strict regimental pattern which—it being a new toy—he had refused to lay aside even for angelic robings.

"But it is Christmas," persisted his mother. "Remember what I told you about it—about the angels, and the peace, and goodwill."

"I shink Chrishmus shkittles too."

"Quite right, youngster! It *is* skittles in India," put in a tall man, who, further down the verandah, was watching a woman's fingers busy themselves over church decorations.

His rather reckless expression changed as, stooping to select a brilliant branch of scarlet-fingered poinsettia from the confused heap of flowers and greenery at their feet, he handed it to his companion, and she looked up to thank him with her eyes.

Boy's mother—who had glanced towards them at the interrupting voice—paused over the angelic robe, uneasily silent.

"I wish I had something white, beside the roses," remarked the cross-maker a trifle hurriedly. "They don't look a bit Christmassy."

"Lilies?" suggested the man.

She shook her head. "Lilies don't suit the climate; there aren't any—*here*."

He stooped and spoke lower. "Yes! it's a God-forsaken spot all round—for *you*. But, look here! I saw a *dhatlura* actually in blossom to-day—close to my bungalow. It's not unlike a lily—as white, anyhow—and sweeter. They use it in their temples—so why not in church? It doesn't do to be too particular—when you want anything."

She shook her head again. "It's poisonous—besides, it doesn't do—to leave the beaten path."

"Try!"

There was a pause; for the undercurrent, which had seemed to sweep each trivial word to another meaning, seemed suddenly to sweep this man and woman within touch—dangerous touch of each other.

"What *are* you two talking about?" asked Boy's mother, coming towards them. "What a lovely cross, Muriel! And why, please, should Christmas in India be skittles, Colonel Gould?"

He laughed. "How stern you look! I wish I could get that righteous indignation up for orderly room. I need it!"

"My husband never found the regiment difficult to manage," interrupted the wife of its absent commander jealously.

"Nor do I," retorted its present head, "but"—he paused, not caring to explain that he, an outsider sent but lately to drill a corps back to the discipline it had lost after her husband's departure, had naturally a very different task.

"Hullo, Boy!" he said, to change the subject, "that is a jolly little sword! Who gave it you?"

"Hirabul Khan gave it me," replied the child. "When I'm Colonel, he's going to be my risshildar, 'cos you shee he was my Daddy's orderly first, an' then Daddy made him—oh, lotsh of fings."

"He'll have to look out if he doesn't want to lose some things," said Colonel Gould sharply; then answering a vexed look of Boy's mother, continued: "He was a *protégé* of your husband's, I know—but he really has wind in his head. For his own sake it must be got out. I put him under arrest to-day, and told him squarely I'd have to block his promotion."

"What had he done?" She spoke quite fiercely.

"Cheek, as usual. It was over that escape from the camp. Haven't you heard? Viljeon, that cantankerous brute who gives so much trouble, managed to get out again last night. I wish it had been anyone else—for he's half mad and dangerous. I'm glad the General has ordered the search-party to shoot at sight if he offers resistance."

Boy, in his white robe, his toy sword in his hand still, nodded his red aureole sagely.

"The 'Tommies down at the camp told me. He's just an awful brute. Vile John is. He is goin' to kill all the little English children he meets, 'cos—'cos they killed his: but that's a damned lie."

The calm deliberation of the last was so evidently imitative that Boy's mother smiled, despite a sudden pain at her heart.

"They died, dear, and so you must be very sorry for him. Think how sad I should be if——" The thought produced a sudden caress, a sudden glisten in her grey eyes. "Now, Boy of mine, let me take that thing off. Then you must go and lie down and sleep, for you'll have to keep wide awake half the night."

"Take care of my shword, Mummy, please!" said Boy superbly, as, in unrobing, he shifted it from one hand to the other; "it's most dweadful sharp!"

"By George, it is," remarked Colonel Gould; "a trifle too sharp for safety."

"Is it?" said Boy's mother anxiously. "Hirabul ought not——"

"It wasn't Hira," interrupted Boy. "It was Kunder sharpened it, so as I could kill Vile John if I met him, like as my Daddy done over in Africa. Didn't you, Kunder?"

A figure squatting in a far corner rose and salaamed.

"The *Huzoor* speaks truth."

The speaker was an old man, slender, upright, unusually dark-skinned; this latter fact made his bare limbs look curiously youthful and lissom.

"Done it uncommonly well, too," assented Colonel Gould, feeling the edge. "Where did you learn the trick?"

"Your slave was once sword-sharpener by trade," was the submissive reply.

"Kunder'sh an awful clever chap," said Boy loquaciously. "He can make—oh! all sorts of fings as deads people—bows and stwangles, you know—can't you, Kunder?"

The man salaamed, with a watchful look at his other hearers.

"And," continued Boy, in vicarious boasting, "he can do all sorts of dweadful fings, too! He can steal people's purses when they're sleepin', an' make

dicky-birds tumble off bwanches, an' little boys like me wake never no more—can't you, Kunder?"

Submissiveness grew crafty. "This slave has certainly told such tales to the children-people."

"Looks scoundrel enough," remarked Colonel Gould carelessly. "Where did you pick him up?"

"Oh! he isn't *my* servant," replied Boy's mother. "He is Muriel's. I can't think why she keeps him."

The cross-maker rose and held her work at arm's length. "Does anyone really know why they do anything?" she asked. "Perhaps, as you say, he will steal my jewels some day—or murder me. But, as Boy says, he's awful clever, and one must be amused! Now I must go and put this up. Will you drive me to the church, Colonel Gould?"

"Better come in the victoria with me," said Boy's mother hastily; "it is going to rain." This other woman—this childless wife with an unspeakable husband—must be guarded from herself.

"I don't think so," put in the Colonel firmly. "Kunder! call my dogcart, and we can go round by my bungalow and pick the *dhatūra*."

Kunder, passing on his errand, looked up curiously at the last word.

Colonel Gould gave back the look. "Queer customer! Shouldn't wonder if he's a Thug—they use *dhatūra* poison to stupefy their victims, you know."

He spoke carelessly as they stood looking out at the bare patch of parched ground called by courtesy a garden. The lowering sky of an even purplish grey was so dark that the level lines of dust-laden *sirus* trees along the road showed light against it.

"I wish someone would stupefy me," said Muriel, with a sudden passion in her voice; to cover which she went on recklessly: "How I hate Christmas in India!—the sham of it—sham decorations—sham church—for it isn't real! The reality is outside among the poor folk in the fields and the towns, to whom Christmas is a day when *we* guzzle and *they* pay the piper!"

"M y d e a r Muriel!"

"It's true! Think

of it! Peace and goodwill? Isn't the whole station at daggers-drawing because one lady said another wasn't the best-dressed woman in India? Isn't your regiment, Colonel, ready to murder you? Then that camp, right in the middle of us Christians, with how many prisoners eating their hearts out? And Vile John—as Boy has been taught to call him—half mad in thinking of his children who have died. Oh, I know it is all inevitable—but think, just think of him wandering about this Christmas Eve, liable to be shot at sight! There's a Santa Claus for you!"

Her voice had risen, her fingers had closed tremblingly on the sprig of poinsettia she had fastened in her breast. It showed against the white laces of her dress like a clutching scarlet hand.

Colonel Gould shrugged his shoulders uneasily. "Don't forget Kunder in the picture—Kunder with his 'fings as kills,' or, for the matter of that, *you* and *me*, and the rest of us! The Decalogue is in danger on Christmas Eve as always—perhaps more so."



"Your slave was once sword-sharpener by trade."



Hesitating at the open door he dare not enter.

"GOLD, FRANKINCENSE, AND MYRRH," BY FLORA ANNIE STEEL.

"I don't believe it," exclaimed Boy's mother in sudden pitiful emotion. "Don't believe him, Muriel! Wait and see! Why, even that storm brewing"—as she spoke a shivering seam of lightning shot slanting across the purple pall behind the dusty trees—"only means the Christmas rains. How welcome they will be after this endless drought! They will perhaps save millions of lives—"

"A doubtful message of peace," put in the Colonel drily; "but hadn't we better start, or we shan't have time for the *dhatūra*."

"You haven't time," said Boy's mother sharply. "You must be back by eight, Muriel, for we have to be at the camp by nine. Ayah will bring Boy down ready dressed when we want him—so please don't be late."

This thing which she saw looming as plainly as she saw that storm in the sky, should not be if she could help it. They were too good—both the man and the woman—for that sort of ruin.

She shivered as she watched the dogcart drive off. Truly there were storms ahead! And that thought of Viljeon—childless, half distraught—wandering about, liable to be shot like a wild beast, made her fear for what might happen ere Christmas dawned.

The verandah darkened silently after she left it. Every now and again a puff of wind rattled the dry pods of the *sirus* trees, making them give out a faint crackle like that of a scaled viper coiled watchfully in a corner.

Kunder, in *his* corner, sat up keenly as a snake does. There was a louder crackle of a stealthy footstep.

"Is it well?" came a stealthy voice.

"If Fate wills," replied Kunder, sinking back again to sloth.

A stealthy hand reached out a tiny paper packet wound with unspun silk.

"The sleep-giver—from the Master—it is fresh and good."

"There is no need for sleep-giving," replied Kunder passively. "The *mem* is drunk with the love-philtre women crave. I know their ways"—he gave a little soft laugh. "She will not return to-night. So, at dawn, I and the jewels will be—with the Master—if Fate so wills."

"Why should She *not* will?"

Kunder laughed again. "Who knows what Fate *may* will?"

He looked out, when the stealthy footstep had gone, at the dusty trees that were growing ghostly in the twilight, and told himself again that none knew. Had *he* known when, as a lad, he fought against the Sahibs, that one day the death of a Sahib's five-year-old son would be to him as the death of his own child? Had *he* known when that nursling's red-gold curls—so like Boy's curls—lay confidingly on his breast, that one day he would be thief—perhaps murderer?

No! it was as Fate willed. He was, as ever, in Her hands to-night.

Another footstep! not stealthy this time, but hurried even in its measured military rhythm.

It was Hirabul Khan, the disgraced native officer, seeking an appeal to Colonel Gould before the limitations of an open arrest made it necessary for him to return to his quarters.

"Yea, he was here!" replied Kunder cynically. "He is ever here—after the *mem*! Where hides the doe thither comes the buck!"

Hirabul twirled his moustache fiercely. "Keep thy tongue off thy betters, scum of the bazaars, or I break thy every bone. I give thee womenkind in general—but *this* one is different. Whither hath he gone?—for I must see him."

"No need," retorted Kunder spitefully. "Thy pottage is cooked already. He told the *mem* so but now. 'No promotion,' said he—I know their speech. And she—"

"Base-born!—and she?"

"She laughed, as I do—scum of the bazaars! Ha, ha!" A devilish malignity had seized on him; he chuckled even while Hirabul shook him like a rat.

"Liar! Cur! Whither hath he gone?"

"To the church—with the *mem*! Thou wilt see! 'No promotion,' said he; and she—"

With a curse Hirabul flung the chuckler from him, and strode away into the growing darkness.

The church stood—after the manner of Indian churches—in a garden, and on the wide sweep of gravel round it carriages were awaiting the owners, who were busy within. The Colonel's dogcart was among them. So he was there, sure enough.

Hirabul Khan, hesitating at the open door he dare not enter, could see straight along the aisle to the altar; could see the cross of poinsettia and white roses upon the latter, the text above it—

"UNTO US A CHILD IS BORN."

Unmeaning as it all was to him, he stood looking at it dreamily, until suddenly from the unseen transept the Christmas hymn began, and those of the decorators who were not remaining for choir practice came trooping down the aisle. Then he retreated hastily to where the Colonel's dogcart stood, that being his best chance of the interview which, if humble apology might avail, would mean much to his pride.

So he waited, watching with uncomprehending eyes, listening with uncomprehensive ears—

"Oh! come all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
Oh! come ye, oh! come ye to Bethlehem."

Suddenly, on those distant voices, the sound of nearer ones became audible. He stepped back a pace or two, and peered through the thicket of rose and pomegranate.

The scum of the bazaars had spoken truth, then! That man and woman standing so close to each other in the scented twilight were the new Colonel, the real Colonel's wife! What infamy! He set his teeth and listened; though this was to him as incomprehensible as the call to peace and goodwill had been.

"For God's sake, have pity on her!" Boy's mother's voice was full of tears. "I heard you settle it. But if you two pick that *dhatūra* to-night—the last thing after the Tree, so that it may not wither! Oh, yes, I heard, Colonel Gould—"

"You *did* hear. I don't deny it. My dear, kind lady—think! If it is not to-night—it *must* be soon. This life is killing her—it is wiser, kinder, to end the struggle now—"

"No, no, give her time. It is in your power to do this, for she loves you. Remember it is Christmas; you might, at least—"

"The better the day! No; Christmas must take care of itself—if *it* can! I mean to take her away and care for her—if *I* can. But thanks, all the same. I shall never forget your kindness."

In the semi-darkness the listener could see the man stoop and kiss the hand laid on his arm.

The next instant Colonel Gould was turning savagely on the figure which had thrust itself on to the path.

"What the devil are you doing here, Sir? You are under arrest, and should be in quarters."

"It was only open arrest, Sir, and the time—" Hirabul's tone matched the mutiny in his heart, and the Colonel broke in on it roughly—

"Consider it close arrest now. Go back and report yourself at once—and, by Heaven! if you say another word I'll have you court-martialled. Go!"

A wild surge of impotent rage kept Hirabul Khan speechless, and ere he recovered himself the Colonel was driving off—the Colonel and a woman!

"Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation."

He turned and shook his fist at the church, then, plunging recklessly through the garden, sought silence and solitude. He needed calm before he could even begin his revenge.

There was no doubt about the coming of the rains now. More than one heavy, curiously round drop fell on the dust through which he strode; but all was still—very still as yet.

By-and-by twinkling carriage lights, like fireflies, began to sparkle among the straight row of trees leading to the prison camp.

Yet the rain kept off, and it had not even begun to fall when the ayah's twinkling light roused Boy for his robing. But half awake, the child grew fractious, calling all things "shkittles," save the killing of Viljeon, who, he asserted, was hiding in the garden. To all of which Ayah, awaiting the carriage, agreed, until her charge, seated on his little bed, grew drowsy once more, and she stole off for a last pull at her forbidden pipe.

But Kunder's light went on twinkling in the further room, where he was conscientiously finishing his old domestic duties, and preparing for new ones.

So after a time the carriage arrived, bringing with it a smell of damp dust.

"Hurry up, woman!" called the coachman. "It has begun down the road like the storm of God. Bring the child; it were best he was soon in safety."

Bring the child! How? When Boy, with his little pretence wings sewn on to his nightgown behind, his little sword that was not all pretence, was not to be found!

The twinkling lights—Kunder's among them—were all over the garden, accompanied by endearments, threats, promises.

"Shiv-jee save him!" muttered Kunder, as suddenly the rain began to fall in torrents, quenching his light, washing him from head to foot. The child with the red-gold curls of his race might well drown on a night like this!

The Colonel felt the same fear, as, waiting at the camp-gate to pass the child in, he heard the news first; then, with a brief order that the boy's mother was only to be told that the carriage had been unable to return, owing to the violent storm, and that therefore the gift-giving must go on without the little giver, started to join the search.

Hirabul also, who, waiting his opportunity for revenge, had dogged the Colonel's footsteps all that evening, heard the tale as he skulked in the crowd, put up his revolver, and with a sob at the thought of his far-away Sahib, unconscious of his wife's treachery or his son's danger, set himself another task.

So the rain fell, and the wayfarers, keeping by the flare of incessant lightning to the raised roads, said to each other, "This is the deluge of God! Repent while there is time!"

"What a terrific noise it makes on this iron roof," said Boy's mother, when the gift-giving was nearly over. "I'm glad Boy didn't come—he might have been frightened . . ."

Was he frightened out in the dark alone? He had been. Not at first, however, when, half asleep, it had been almost a game to slip into the garden to find and kill Viljeon, and so, cunningly, into the belt of jungle adjoining it. He was not even frightened when, stumbling over the rough ground and his long white robe, he began to tire and tried to go back. It was not until the lightning which heralded the bursting of the rain-cloud turned the wilderness around him into black and white shadows that his courage left him, and he started to run blindly, too terrified to think, still too brave to scream.

But he was not frightened now. He was fast asleep, cuddled warmly on a big, broad breast against a big brown beard.

For that quaint little figure, sword in hand and with its ridiculous fluttering wings, had almost in its first flight run full tilt against a man who was crouching to leeward of a big tuft of tiger-grass—a man whose head was buried in his crossed arms, but who sprang to his feet with a curse at the unmistakable touch of humanity; then, as a flash of lightning showed him the white robe, the wings, the golden aureole of hair, fell back faltering.

"God in Heaven!" he muttered in a foreign tongue. "What dost Thou here?"

Boy needed no question as to his wants. "Oh, please!" he panted, "take me home. I wanted to kill Vile John with the sword as Kunder sharpened; but now I'd wather, please, give the Chrishmus fings—the peace, you know, an' all that—please, Sir. I weally would wather——"

A sudden smile, half bitter, came to the man's bewildered face. "You wanted to kill Vile John," he said in English—"Why?"

"Oh, I don't know—but I don't want to now. I'd wather bring the peace."

And then silently the rain had begun—not rain such as Christmas usually brings in India, but the downpour as from a bucket which comes at times after long drought—rain before which nothing can stand, which seems to wash the world and the men in it from all things save a desire for shelter.

"God in Heaven!" exclaimed the man, reverting to his own tongue. "We shall be drowned if we stop here. Come, little rat! Let us find a spot where we can keep dry."

A difficult job even for this man—Viljeon, prince of veldt roamers—to whom this country with its rapidly filling watercourses, its wide stretches of flood-land, was almost familiar. Seen, indeed, by the rapid shimmer of the lightning as he steered his way, the instinct of a pioneer waking in him at every step, he could scarce believe he was not mastering an African drift.

For Kunder, who had abandoned jewels in the search for gold curls, had happened in the dark upon Hirabul Khan, who in his turn was desperately seeking aid for a disabled man whose shouts for help he had answered, unwitting who gave them.

And if it *was* the Colonel, explained Hirabul, half apologetically, as they made their way back together to give the help—well! a man might be disloyal over women—who were the devil—yea! even to a real hero like the absent Sahib, and yet not deserve to drown like a rat in a drain; and as for the other question, *that* stood over for settlement.

Whereupon Kunder had asked what treacherous woman had an absent hero, and had thereupon fallen into jeers over Hirabul's mistake. Was he a fool not to know it was the other *mem* who lived in the house? As for Boy's mother, was she not palpably a *pudmuni*, with no thought save for husband and son?

In consequence of which explanation a new and remorseful respect had come to Hirabul's helping of the Colonel, so that when the latter was at last in comparative safety in the cattle-shed, he, too, found food for thought as he also sat waiting for daylight, hoping against hope for Boy and Boy's mother.

So the grey dawn found him dozing at the door. But he started to his feet at an exclamation from Kunder, who was standing outside; and then across



"You will find the Child lying in the manger."

And the child cuddled close to his breast, wrapped for shelter in his coat? Who was this child which he held as if it had been his own—the child with its travesty of wings, its travesty of a sword?

Half bewildered as he was, the humour, the pathos of the strange chance made his heart softer, and his eyes grew keener, not only for himself, but for his charge as the danger increased minute by minute.

At first, mixed with his desire for present shelter had been that of future escape for himself. But by degrees the thought of the child came uppermost. Safety for it lay on different lines from safety to a strong man untrammelled; and the instinct of the veldtsman told him that the former was on the higher ground near the cantonment—near the prison he had left!

So, through the incessant rain he threaded his way, wading waist-deep at times, till, on a rising bit of land the lightning showed him a ruined mud hovel. It might serve for shelter and rest for the time; if the flood rose to it he could but go on.

It was a sort of cattle-shed he found; a rude trough of mud ran round it, and in one corner was a pile of straw. He drew the driest of this from beneath the leaking roof, and, placing it in the trough, laid the still sleeping child upon it. It was better so than in his damp coat. Then, creeping to the doorway, he sat down to think and watch—alone.

Not quite so much alone, however, as the darkness of the night which followed on the sudden cessation of rain led him to believe; for not two hundred yards away, in another cattle-shed on this Government grazing-ground, three other refugees were also awaiting the dawn.

a stretch of shallowing water he saw another ruined cattle-shed, and at the doorway a tall, broad man, with a big brown beard.

"Viljeon!" he exclaimed under his breath.

"To be shot at sight," mumbled Hirabul, but half awake, as he reached round aimlessly for a rifle.

"Fool!" cavilled Kunder, all unwitting of the revolver in Hirabul's belt, "thou art not safe with things that kill, so 'tis well thou hast none. See! he beckons to us. Let us go to him. The rain hath washed evil from us all!"

They helped the Colonel, who could scarce believe his senses, to hobble across, while Viljeon stood guarding the door with a still stern look on his face.

"You will find the Child lying in the manger," he said; "bring your offerings—I have brought mine."

But only three wise men went down to cantonments that Christmas morning, bringing the child with them; for Kunder, wiser, perhaps, or less wise, felt that his new virtue was better away from the proximity of the jewels he had left tied up ready in a bundle, so, seizing his opportunity, he slipped like a water-snake into the tangle of floods and was seen no more.

"And after all," said Boy's mother softly, "Christmas *did* take care of itself!"

"Yes!" answered the Colonel quietly. "We all brought our offerings—gold and frankincense and myrrh."

THE END.



Without there, watchman, wind your horn!
What, warder, let the drawbridge down!
Ho! servitors, the hall adorn
To greet the guests of high renown;

AN OLD-TIME CHRISTMAS WELCOME:
IN THE DARK AGES.

DRAWN BY A. FORSTIER.

And let the flambeaux bravely flare
A welcome worthy of the time,
The house, and all who gather there
To keep Noël with feast and mime.



Oh, irony that in an age of light
Condemns a household to Cimmerian night,
And bids them greet their guests (ah, triple woe!)
With candles and the fairy lamps' faint glow!

A MODERN CHRISTMAS WELCOME:
THE ELECTRIC LIGHT THAT FAILED.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

Why this mischance? Can gentle science give
No aid, and bid the lamps again to live?
Nay, for Jack Frost arrested in its flow
The stream that drives the family dynamo.



Would you keep Yule in the old way,
Make it a rule once every day
The Clerk of the Weather to beg, soft and low—
“At Christmas pray mantle the landscape in snow.”

AN OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS.
DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

Should he comply (wonder untold!)
Forth you must hie, scorning the cold,
And tracking the forest and spurning the drifts,
Lay axe to the fir that will blossom with gifts.



THE LUCK OF THE LEURA.

By Mrs. CAMPBELL PRAED.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

I.

THREE or four Leura squatters—old Berris of Teelbar with his precocious son and the Targinie bachelors—were spending Christmas with Forbes Vallis of Kooroon and his bride. It was their first sight of the bride, and they were taken aback by her beauty and charm. This love match had started in England two years back, just after that young æsthete Vallis left Oxford—poorly equipped, thought the Leura folk, for roughing it in the bush. There had been difficulties about the engagement. However, when Brenda came of age she went out to Australia and married her lover in Sydney, her mother's second marriage, at forty, having probably hastened matters. Vallis's station on the Leura was a good way "out back." But he had built a weather-board cottage—zinc-roofed, with a verandah, and a kitchen hut, protected by bough-shades; had set up a Chinese cook and a Chinese gardener, and had, on the whole, made things comfortable. Brenda, being of an adventurous and emotional disposition, was enchanted with her new home. The Leura country is mostly enormous plains—deserts in a drought, but blossoming in rains—with rocky hummocks dotted about and the usual timber of those parts—gidia, sandalwood, and the eternal gum. It was looking splendid just now after a succession of good seasons and late November rains. The cattle were rolling in fat, and the squatters were in high feather. Prime bullocks fetched as high as seven pounds a head, and wool had risen. Old Berris's gruesome allusions to previous spells of drought that had ruined many a station-holder on the Leura were received with good-humoured derision by host and hostess. Forbes Vallis and his wife had already made plans for retiring on a fortune, within ten years, to a princely villa overlooking Sydney Harbour, when Forbes would go in for politics, and Brenda qualify as the helpmeet of a future Premier.

"Well," said Mr. Berris portentously, pausing in his attack upon the pinion of a turkey. "Thirty years' hard work at Teelbar hasn't put me clear of the Bank yet. Fortunes aren't made so easily on the Leura, Mrs. Vallis—or anywhere else in Australia, unless you go fossicking and happen to strike payable gold."

The new husband and wife exchanged glances and smiles.

"Oh, but that's just it," said Brenda excitedly. "Mr. Berris, do you know what Forbes calls me? Tell him, dear!"

"The Luck of the Leura," said Forbes. "And I've christened our mine after her. I am sure none of you fellows will jump our claim."

"I found it. It was I who picked up the nugget," went on Brenda; "at least—not a nugget exactly, but a bit of ore with yellow streaks through it. Forbes and I were riding over the dividing range between us and Teelbar, and we were afraid of an old German prowling round—the Lone Fossicker, Forbes called him."

The Targinie men laughed. "No fear. He's gone prospecting up the Billabong."

"We thought he might come back, so Forbes set the blackboys to work digging a big pit; and we buried all the specimens we could get together—there were plenty—and laid gum saplings over them and covered them with earth. In the meantime we've sent the bit of ore to be assayed, and are expecting the mailman to bring us news of the result."

"I can tell it you before he comes," said Mr. Berris grimly. "Most of us have had a try up those gullies in the range. You needn't be afraid of the Lone Fossicker, Mrs. Vallis. He knows what he is about. Your gold is iron pyrites" (he called it "iron pirates") "and nothing else."

Brenda did not know anything about "iron pirates," but Mr. Berris's manner was disheartening. The Targinie men began to relate mining experiences concerning different kinds of ore and mistakes of assayers.

"There's kaolin now—looks like white chalk and gives twenty ounces to the ton. And there's the other sort—brown, with oxide of iron. I know a chap that sent some to the Sydney Mint to be tested, and had the tailings sent back as useless. Well, he tried the chlorine process, and they got six ounces from those tailings. I tell you, chlorine will get out gold that the old amalgam process won't touch."

"Jakes, the Government geologist, advises people to go back to their old mines and test again," said the other Targinie man.

"All right!" said Mr. Berris. "But here, you've got to oxidise the iron before it will give you your gold. And there's no process discovered yet that will extract gold from 'iron pirates.'"

Ah Sin glided in, bearing the plum-pudding set in brandy flames, and Ah Fat, the gardener, followed with more brandy sauce and the plates. It was very hot, and ice would have been more appropriate than burnt brandy, had ice been procurable. But it was Christmas, and the furthest stockman in the wilds does homage to national sentiment in the matter of plum-pudding. Mosquitoes had begun to buzz, flying ants were dropping their wings on the cloth, and all manner of insects swarmed about the kerosene hanging-lamp which Brenda had garlanded with mistletoe. She had made the table pretty, too, with red berries out of the bush and lilies from the lagoon, which had not been dry for three years. Presently, the health of the bride and bridegroom was drunk in champagne, got up at vast expense and cooled by having stood for twenty-four hours in the water-bag. After dinner came a smoke and lounge in the verandah, while the Chinamen cleared the table. Darkness had fallen, and the Southern Cross was mounting the heavens. Down in the plains, the blacks' fires twinkled, and there floated up the sound of a corroboree tune. Brenda went to the piano in the parlour and sang "Home, Sweet

Home," in which the bushmen joined, at first, a little shamefacedly. But they gave a vigorous chorus when the Berris boy burst into a stockman's song to the air of "Widow Dunn"—

Then it's early in the morning, our breakfast being done,
We go to get our cattle from outside;
Our cosy blankets leaving, we start out on the run,
And we do not care a hang what may betide.
Are you ready? Take them steady,
And be sure you don't let any get away;
And do not leave behind any you may find,
For I want to have a good full camp to-day.

And so on to the last verse, sung by the men with enthusiastic intention—

A man, though in the bush he's stuck, can lead a pleasant life,
For he has generally lots of work to do;
And if he has the luck to get a clever little wife
You'll find that he can make some money too.
Though whisky's heady, he'll keep steady,
And be always where there's business to be done.
And, to prove the moral true, I'll sing it now to you,
That two heads are better far than one.

But jokes and laughter were hushed when Brenda gave them an Old English Carol. Her pure sweet voice suited well the quaint words—

He neither shall be clothed in purple nor in pall,
But in the fair white linen that usen babies all.
He neither shall be rocked in silver nor in gold,
But in a wooden manger that resteth on the mould.

All joined in the last verse—

Then be ye glad, good people, this night of all the year,
And light ye up your candles; His star it shineth near.
And all in earth and heaven, our Christmas Carol sing,
Goodwill and Peace and Glory! And all the bells shall ring.

There were no roystering ditties after that; and before long, the bushmen were riding in the track of the moon across the plain, and husband and wife were left alone.

Brenda closed the piano and straightened the parlour in a feminine way that pleased Forbes. He went up to her, and putting his hands on her shoulders turned her to him. The two gazed at each other with love-lit eyes. "My wife, how beautiful you are!"

She laughed delightedly, throwing back her golden head and showing the exquisite lines of chin and throat.

"Ah, you have me to look at now instead of your little marble Ariadne. I like you to think me beautiful, Forbes—I never want to seem beautiful to anyone else, for I know that beauty is what you care for most in the world."

He held her at arm's length, worshipping her.

"How you understand me! You always told me that I should have been a poet, or a painter, or a sculptor. But even a bushman can adore beauty when he has his ideal always before him."

"So I am your ideal of beauty! But if I had been a plain woman, Forbes, you wouldn't have married me?"

There was an anxious note in her voice. He laughed.

"I can't imagine you anything but what you are, Brenda. Frankly, I couldn't have fallen in love with an ugly woman. It's temperament in me. I have always shrunk from deformity, sickness, decay—all the hideous possibilities of life. We agree in that, dearest?"

"Yes," she answered. "We are both pagan in our worship of beauty, and that's why I delight in this wild, fascinating bush. But—oh, Forbes, a ghastly terror came over me to-day when Mr. Berris was telling us about those years of drought, and how the women suffered in them and grew old before their time; and I remembered that Mrs. Malcolm at the station where we stopped a night, and I thought, could I possibly ever grow like her—worn, battered, with dried-up, red eyes, and, oh, such a dreadful skin!—and such hands!"

"Mrs. Malcolm is a consequence of drought on top of a big debt, with sandy blight, dengue fever, no servants, and all other horrors of the Never-Never on top of that," said Forbes. "But you shall not run the risk of losing health and good looks in the bush, darling. With any sort of luck we shall have cleared out in a few years' time, and be enjoying life down south."

"Oh, I hope so, Forbes. I couldn't bear to lose my looks. I'd rather die while I was still lovely in your eyes than live to become an object of disgust to you. And I should know it, however much you tried to hide your feelings. I should know it, and I should not blame you, because I myself have felt the same. You never saw poor Aunt Hermione? Well, she had smallpox, and her eyes were affected, and her face—oh, I hate to think of it! When I was a schoolgirl I used to adore her. And the horrible thing was that, after loving her so, I got almost to loathe her. I did everything I could to avoid seeing her. I used to pray that I might die rather than get like Aunt Hermione. So you see I couldn't blame you for being tired of me if I grew old and repulsive."

Brenda wrung her hands nervously. She seemed strangely moved. He caressed and soothed her with assurances that they would grow old together and protestations of lasting devotion. She only shook her head.

"All the same, remember what I say. If ever I am distasteful to you, and you love someone else better, I shall destroy myself."

"My dearest, what a morbid idea!"

"Don't laugh. I mean it. I couldn't endure to outlive the look you are giving me now."

He remonstrated more earnestly.

"Well, well," she said, "I'll try not to think of it; and if at forty I am as pretty as mother, I shan't need to be afraid. Forbes, I wish the mailman would come," she added impetuously, changing the subject, "I am anxious to know how things have gone with mother."

"He's taking a Christmas spree at the shanty," said Forbes. "By Jove!" he exclaimed, his ears caught by a peculiar "Coo-ee," "I believe that's him now." Presently they were in the back verandah, welcoming the postman, who got down from behind a hillock of leather mailbags and hitched his horse to the palings.

"Merry Christmas to you, McGrath!" said Forbes. "Just in time for a tuck in before Ah Sin goes to bed. Hand us over the bag. And here's a nobbler for you to drink the missus's health in."

"Sorry to be late, Ma'am," apologised the postman; "but the river was a sight over my saddle flaps. No fear of a drought this year, boss. My word! you Leura squatters are having fine times of it. I heard about your last sale. Good luck and ten thousand a year, and a merry Christmas to you! And the same to you, Ma'am. And here's your health, Mrs. Vallis."

The mailman tossed off his glass of grog and went up to the kitchen, where, in the doorway, Ah Sin and Ah Fat showed welcoming yellow faces. As a fact, Ah Sin and Ah Fat were expecting by McGrath a little packet which might be taken for garden-seeds, but were in reality, innocent-looking brown pellets of opium charcoal. Brenda carried the mail-bag into the parlour, where Forbes cut the string, which was knotted under a big red Government seal. He tumbled out the letters and papers on the table.

Brenda eagerly seized hers, which bore English stamps, and Forbes pounced upon a long blue envelope containing the report of the Government assayer. He had not the heart to interrupt Brenda, who was devouring her letter, leaning over the table with the light of the lamp upon her golden hair.

At last he said, "Brenda!"

She looked up.

"Darling"—his voice shook a little—"you're the Luck of the Leura always, but the other luck has failed. Old Berris was right. It's iron pyrites—and worth nothing."

Brenda's great-blue eyes, which had been bright as stars, dulled as she stared at him in dismay.

"Oh, Forbes!" she cried. "Oh, I am so sorry!" And then her face brightened, and a delicious wave of colour rose in her cheeks. "But, Forbes, I do feel so thankful. Mother is quite well, and she has a baby daughter. They are going to call her Aurea."

II.

It was Christmas again on the Leura twenty years after. But the country had changed: the great plains were now parched and barren, overgrown only with the thorny spinnifex. The water-holes were dry, and the river a mere trickle between banks of sand. Most of the original squatters had gone away ruined, but among the old names there still remained Berris of Teelbar—old Berris's son had succeeded him—and Vallis of Kooroon.

Yet, though Forbes Vallis was nominally master, it was the Bank of Leichardt's Land which really owned his station.

In these twenty years there had been long spells of drought, causing cattle to die by thousands, and sheep by tens of thousands. Prices had gone down. There had been strikes among the shearers and grim war between Unionists and Pastoralists. Times were bad—as bad as they could be.

Twenty summers of scorching heat and plagues of insects, of sandy blight, Belyando, dengue fever—all the miseries falling to the lot of those who dwell in the back blocks. Brenda Vallis's peach bloom had vanished, leaving a skin tanned and coarsened by exposure, during days when she had helped her husband on the run or, shielded only by a bough-shade, had stood over the washing-tubs outside, or in front of the fireplace, cooking station meals. For with the first pinch of misfortune Ah Sin had departed; Ah Fat followed him, and Brenda had suffered greatly for want of vegetables.

Fever had withered her limbs and dug furrows in her face. The golden hair had grown grey and scanty, and the beautiful blue eyes contracted and watery from sandy blight, the lashes gone from use of sulphate of zinc, and the lids reddened—were almost sightless, and usually hidden beneath a green shade.

At forty, Brenda was a wreck, but Forbes, though careworn, was still handsome and distinguished. He had greater change of scene and occupation than Brenda, and less of the sordid household grind. Bush-life does not tell so hardly upon a man as upon a woman.

Fortunately, perhaps, Brenda had no children; yet sometimes she fancied that had a daughter been born to them something poetic might have come into the dreary commonplace round to replace her romantic passion for her husband, which of late seemed to have turned to bitterness.

Brenda fretted and pined. She could not live without an emotion. Forbes was no longer demonstrative of his affection, and so Brenda told herself that because she had ceased to be attractive he had ceased to care for her. Hitherto there had been no young woman on the Leura whom he could prefer to her. But now the rival had, she believed, appeared, and—horrible thought—in the person of her half-sister. Aurea, the babe grown to womanhood and left an orphan, had, six months before, come out on a visit to her relatives in Australia. Forbes brought her up from the coast. When they arrived, he led her into the darkened room where poor Brenda sat, her eyes bandaged with a cloth soaked in opium to relieve the pain.

She took off her bandage to look at Aurea, and as her unaccustomed eyes travelled painfully, they met in a mirror her own image and that of the girl. Brenda beheld herself as she now was, and as she had been when Forbes married her. He, too, was reflected in the glass, his gaze fixed on Aurea. Not for a long time had Brenda seen that look upon his face—the dear look of admiration. She gave a little cry. Forbes exclaimed: "You see it, too, my poor Brenda! Aurea is exactly what you were at her age. It isn't often that a man finds his ideal of beauty personified twice in a lifetime— But what is the matter, old woman?"

Brenda tottered, and, stretching out her arms helplessly, sank back in her chair.

Often after that, Brenda felt a knife in her heart when Forbes turned from Aurea's lovely face to her own, so marred and altered. Frequently she gave herself great pain by putting up her bandage to look at them, and then went through mental torture at the thought that he was comparing her with Aurea, regretting perhaps that he was tied to such a wreck of a woman. Yet, through her anguish was a certain contradictory gladness at the change Aurea's coming seemed to have worked in Forbes, making him more like his old self than he had lately been.

A cheerful, sympathetic soul was Aurea, never complaining of heat, mosquitoes, bad food, and the many discomforts of the bush, and giving dainty touches to the crude housekeeping which, now, blind Brenda was incapable of directing. Aurea's camera, which she took out on her rides, put an artistic



Brenda sang "Home, Sweet Home," in which the bushmen joined.

"THE LUCK OF THE LEURA."—BY MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED.

interest into Forbes's life. The little marble Ariadne of the Vatican, pathetically out of keeping with the slab lean-to where he wrote up the station log and entered his branding tallies, had fed but poorly Forbes's æsthetic cravings. Brenda could not accompany them on their rides. She stayed in her dark room, dropping laudanum into her smarting eyes and brooding over her morbid griefs. Nor did she know much of what was going on at any time, for she could not bear the glare of the verandah, and the parlour-lamp made her eyes ache worse. This, however, she did know: the pleasure of Aurea's society kept Forbes from those camping-out expeditions and the prospecting trips which, futile though they were, had been his chief excitement for many months. But apparently there was no gold about the Leura—nothing but the "iron pirates," as old Mr. Berris had called them; and the big grave filled with them had long lain untouched and almost forgotten.

This Christmas, Brenda had not been able to do anything towards the dinner. The stockman's wife had cooked it badly, and Aurea and Forbes and Jack Berris—who was a frequent visitor at Kooroon—had made the plum-pudding between them.

It wasn't much of a dinner. They had no turkey this time. The stockman

Brenda's bed-room, which looked out on the garden. It was a corner room and had two windows, one, a French one, opening on to the verandah and in a line with those of the parlour; the other, screened by a bough-shade covered with native cucumber, was at right angles with a fence and gate giving on to the back premises, and looked on a gravel walk between some mandarin orange-trees that led tortuously to the front verandah. Brenda sat here alone in the darkness. She had stolen away from the rest of the party lounging on the verandah, believing she was not missed. The light from the parlour worried her eyes, and so did the smoke from the men's pipes.

A song with a "Coo-ée" chorus was going on. Aurea sat at the old piano playing the accompaniment, and as the last "Coo-ée" died away, another "Coo-ée" answered it from the plain—the mailman's particular call. Brenda heard it from her window, and she heard Aurea, rising from the piano, say, "Come along, Forbes. Let us get the bag."

There was a general dispersion, and in a few minutes Brenda was aware that Jack Berris and the new-chum had brought in the Teelbar bag and were discussing a letter from a butcher wanting fat cattle. But Aurea and Forbes must have had



Brenda sank back in her chair.

had killed a calf, and Forbes and Aurea and Jack Berris had gone shooting that morning over the only waterhole not quite empty, and had brought home a couple of wild duck. Aurea had got some red berries from the scrub and a few flaring hibiscus flowers, and she had put mistletoe round the old kerosene lamp. It seemed to Brenda, when she came into the parlour led by her husband, and lifted her shade, suffering stabs of pain as she did so, that this was a sort of travesty of that bridal Christmas twenty years before.

By an odd coincidence, mail-day fell on Christmas Day this year, too, and the mailman was late—not McGrath; he was dead.

"A Merry Christmas! Mrs. Vallis," said Jack Berris with forced geniality.

He looked almost tragic, and Brenda wondered why.

"A Merry Christmas! Mrs. Vallis," echoed a Teelbar new-chum who had ridden over for the afternoon.

Forbes put Aurea in his wife's place at the head of the table. It was done solely that Brenda might be saved the effort of helping her guests—and, indeed, Aurea had often sat there on that account, for Brenda's blindness made her helpless. But Brenda, as she saw pretty Aurea facing Forbes, thought bitterly within herself that only last session they had passed in the Leichardt's Land Houses of Assembly a Bill sanctioning marriage with a deceased wife's sister.

Dinner was over; the stars shone out and the pointers of the Southern Cross, dipping down towards the plain, were visible from the window of

something special to say to each other, for they had gone round through the gate in the fence, and were coming along between the orange-trees. Brenda, tilting up her shade, could see the outlines of their forms very close together, Forbes with his head bent downward, and Aurea clinging to him, both hands on his arm, her lovely face upraised to his. Brenda lowered the shade—even the moonlight hurt. Some agitated words of Aurea's reached her.

"... All the world to me!" And then: "I can't bear it, Forbes—it's no use trying. I'd rather go right away than stay here and drive the man I love to desperation. But I should break my heart either way. And oh, this horrible barrier!—when we might be so happy! It's cruel! It's—just impossible! Forbes, can't you do anything? Can't you help me?" The ring of emotion in Forbes's voice as he answered pierced anew the heart of his listening wife.

"Aurea, you know there's nothing in the world I wouldn't do for you. But oh, my dear little woman, you were made for something better than this hell of a life. I couldn't have it on my conscience that I'd helped you to that."

A sobbing murmur came from Aurea, and the two passed on out of sight and hearing.

A quarter of an hour later, Brenda moved from the window into the darkness of the room. Now she was certain that Forbes and Aurea loved each other. She would do what she had been meditating for days.

First she sat down to a writing-table near the French window, and fumbling

with the matches, lighted a candle. Then she raised her bandage and rapidly scribbled a few lines—

MY BELOVED HUSBAND,—Once I told you that I could not outlive my beauty, for which you cared so much, so that if ever you ceased to love me, I should destroy myself. Dearest, the time has come, and I know that it is best for both of us. I have brought you ill-fortune. Perhaps now the luck will turn. In Aurea you will love what I once was, and so I shall live in your heart always. Farewell, Beloved!

She enclosed the letter in an envelope, which she directed to Forbes. Then she took the candle, carrying it unsteadily, and went into a verandah-room, divided from the larger one by a curtain, where were the washstand and shelf with her lotions. She put the candle down as soon as she had found the laudanum-bottle and a glass.

Her back was to the bed-room, and she did not hear a step in the verandah or know that Forbes had come in by the French window. He was carrying a lamp with a big green shade which they brought in of evenings when he or Aurea read to Brenda. In the other hand, was a bundle of letters. He put them down on the table. The envelope bearing his name attracted his attention, and he opened and read it.

Meanwhile, Brenda was pouring the laudanum into the glass. Her hand trembled; the bandage dropped over her eyes, and much of the potion went on to her dress. She put the draught to her lips and was about to drink it, when suddenly her arm was seized from behind.

"Great Heavens, Brenda! What is this you are doing? You haven't swallowed any of it, have you?"

She shook her head. The glass had fallen and was broken.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed, lifting her up and carrying her into the next room, where he placed her on the sofa and knelt by her side. She feebly put up her bandage, and gave a cry as she saw his agonised face.

"My wife! What is this ghastly fancy that has half turned your brain? I've read the letter you wrote me. Surely it is not possible you can believe that I love Aurea better than I love you—my own wife, who has borne so much for me?"

He pressed her to his breast, and his kisses gave the lie to her dreadful suspicion. Her look was wild and glad. Words broke stammeringly from her lips.

"How should I tell? . . . You cared so much for my beauty. . . . And now I have lost it all. I am ugly and nearly blind. . . . And Aurea is just what I was. I seemed to read your heart when you looked at her—I wasn't too blind for that. . . . And a little while ago I heard you talking—you and she—"

"You heard us talking?"

"Outside my window. . . . She told you it was best she should go away. She spoke of the barrier between you. . . . And you said—"

He interrupted her with a laugh.

"My poor darling! Yes, I know what you heard. I ought to have told you sooner, but Aurea thought it would worry you and make your eyes worse. It's Jack Berris, not I, who is in love with Aurea; and the worst of it is she loves him. They both know each other's feelings, but he has the pride of the devil, and won't

speak. Says he has no right to ask her to marry him while Teelbar is in the Bank's clutches—and when I realise what I've brought you to, my Brenda, I agree with him. He came over to-day to have a last look at Aurea before he goes off to the Gulf. And Aurea thinks he's sure to be killed by blacks or die of fever. And, since he won't stop and work off the Teelbar mortgage while she's within fifteen miles of him, the poor girl suggests that she should go back to England. Now do you understand?"

Yes, Brenda understood. There was no need for further explanations as far as they two were concerned. Presently Forbes exclaimed—

"But, by Jove! I'd almost forgotten the bit of good news I came in to tell you. It's a queer thing it should arrive on Christmas Day. Brenda, do you remember

that Christmas twenty years ago—the time when we thought we'd found a gold-mine, and our gold turned out to be only iron pyrites?"

"Yes, I remember. The Luck of the Leura."

"And now the Luck of the Leura has come up again! Do you remember the heap of specimens we buried? Well, I happened to come across the grave of our hopes, as we used to call it, not long ago, and curiosity made me dig up some of the bits of ore. I saw that they'd changed a good deal—looked honey-combed—and there was yellow stuff so like gold that I sent a bit down to be assayed. The extraordinary thing is that by some natural chemical process—filtering of moisture, perhaps, through the rubbish we filled the pit with, or the want of moisture, maybe—the oxidising has really taken place, and those bits of ore are full of gold. But that's not all. A new process has been discovered for extracting gold from iron pyrites—so the assayer says; and—well, Brenda darling, you see that I rightly named you the Luck of the Leura when you picked up that piece of ore. Good-bye now to bad times, misery, and blight! We shall have that little place overlooking Sydney Harbour that we built in our dreams. And as soon as I can get a buggy-team together you are going south to an

oculist and a good climate. Those blue eyes will soon be as bright as Aurea's, and my Brenda will have become young and beautiful again."

"But Aurea?" said Brenda.

"If I'd only looked at my mail before Aurea enticed me into discussing her love troubles, there'd have been less tragedy lying round this evening. I'm pretty sure the 'iron pirates' will fix things up all right for Berris and Aurea. Before long they'll be singing love songs to each other instead of Christmas Carols. Listen, Brenda! It's the one you're so fond of. Let's go and join in."

Hand-in-hand husband and wife went into the moonlit verandah, and the last verse of the carol swelled louder—

Then be ye glad, good people, this night of all the year,
And light ye up your candles; His star is shining near.
And all in earth and heaven, our Christmas Carol sing.
Goodwill and Peace and Glory! And all the bells shall ring.

THE END.



Suddenly her arm was seized from behind.



Now Jack and Bill were liberty men
Ashore on the Christmas Eve,
And they kept it up with Longshore Ben
Till they'd well outstayed their leave,
"With a yo, heave ho, and-a rumbelow!
Dull care by the board let's heave, Yo ho!
Dull care by the board let's heave."

THE TARS' ALARM.

DRAWN BY CHARLES DE LACY.

The moon was rising weird and chill,
And the hour was half-past two,
When into the boat stepped Jack and Bill—
Dull care by the board they threw.
But a silence fell on their "Yo, heave ho!"
For they saw the ghost of old Benbow
As he fought with a phantom crew.



Old Christmas Day's the day for toasts,
For hearts are full and wine is good.
The Briton of his Empire boasts;
Love of the land stirs in his blood;
The young voice with the old voice blends:
"God bless and keep all absent friends!"

CHRISTMAS IN THE BACKWOODS:
ABSENT FRIENDS.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

The father speaks with husky throat,
The mother prays with heaving breast;
The winds of God take up the cry
And bear it forth towards the West.
Back comes the echo o'er the foam:
"God keep our dear ones safe at home!"



Last summer all the country flamed
With news of victory,
How Wellington, "the Iron" named,
Drubbed Nap. beyond the sea.

AFTER WATERLOO.
DRAWN BY EDWARD READ.

But now it seems just twice as true,
Not faint and far away;
For Tom is home from Waterloo
With stories of the fray.



Memories of hard-fought fields
Rise about us, as to-night
Dying year to new year yields
Place, and passes out of sight.

NEW YEAR'S EVE IN BARRACKS.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

But with those of ancient meed,
Mindful of more recent strife,
Praise we one whose generous deed
Saved a simple private's life.



THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS: A COUNTRY DANCE FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

DRAWN BY LUCIEN DAVIS, R.I.



At the dawn of Christmas Day,
From the belfry on the hill
Come the silvery tones that say,
"Peace on earth, to men goodwill."

CHRISTMAS DAWN.
DRAWN BY HOLLAND TRINGHAM.

Rites may pass and faiths be broken,
But unchanged, through good or ill,
Stand the tidings, angel-spoken—
"Peace on earth, to men goodwill."



"Phyllis, never, never flirt—least of all, when at a dance;
Flirting is a thing to hurt; love is not a game of chance."
"But when someone else is letting time slip by, what can I do?
Surely I can't help forgetting just one dance with Jack—or two?"

TO PHYLLIS—IN A DILEMMA.

DRAWN BY EDWARD READ.

"Ah! dear Phyllis, stand your ground; scorn the false, cling to the fair.
Love's a dance that should be round; never try to make it square.
So, come smooth or stormy weather, you shall find him staunch and true,
As you dance through life together—just old Jack, dear heart, and you."



It's not just like the Christmas time
We celebrate at home,
There's nothing here of snow or rime;
But still the flagons foam,
And we keep the feast in the good old way—
With "Here's to the King! Hip, Hip, Hooray!"

A TROOP DINNER IN INDIA.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

And, when the fun's well started,
The Colonel comes along,
So genial and true-hearted—
We give his health in song;
And he in turn this toast will call—
"Good luck, my men, attend you all!"



In drifting flakes he came aboard
And on the deck he laid him down;
We gave him shape, a swab for sword,
The skipper's Sunday hat for crown.

OUR CHRISTMAS PASSENGER.
DRAWN BY CYRUS CUNEO.

But when the purser asked his fare,
And only got an icy look
For satisfaction, then and there
We brought our passenger to book.



'Tis dead of night on the Niger banks,
The wind is still, the stars are bright;
We drain a cup to those at home
Who think of us this Christmas night—
When, hark! A sound of stealthy feet
The forest king doth seek his meat.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT IN WEST AFRICA :
AN UNBIDDEN GUEST.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

See, now he comes towards the tent;
Beneath his feet the grasses part.
Six lives demand a steady aim
To speed the bullet to his heart!
Bang! Bang! A leap! A roar of pain!
The little camp may feast again.

THE MAZED ELECTION (1768).

A PASSAGE FROM THE ORAL HISTORY OF ARDEVORA.

By "Q."

Illustrated by F. H. Townsend.

I.

WOMAN Suffrage? It's surprising to me how light some folks will talk—with a Providence, for all they know, waiting round the corner to take them at their word. I put my head in at the Working Man's Institute last night, and there was the new Coastguard officer talking like a book, arguing about Woman Suffrage in a way that made me nervous. "Look 'ee here," he was saying, "a woman must be either married, or onmarried, or otherwise. Keep they three divisions clear in your heads, and then I'll ask you to follow me—" And all the company sitting round with their mouths open. I came away: I couldn't stand it. It put me in mind how my poor mother used to warn me against squinting for fun. "One of these days," she'd say, "the wind'll take and change sudden while you're doing it; and theré you'll be fixed and looking fifty ways for Sunday until we meet in the land of marrow and fatness."

And here in Ardevora, of all places—where the womenkind be that masterful already, a man must get into his sea-boots before he can call his soul his own! Why, there was a woman here once that never asked for a vote in her life, and yet capsized an Election for Parliament—candidates, voters, and the whole apple-cart—as easy as you might turn over a plate. Did you ever hear tell of Kitty Lebow and her eight tall daughters? No; I daresay not. The world's old and losing its memory when it begins to talk of Woman Suffrage.

This Kitty, or Christian, or Christiana Lebow was by birth a Bottrell: and a finer family than the Pottrells, by their own account, you wouldn't find in all England. Not that it matters whether they came over with William the

Norman, nor whether they could once on a time ride from sea to sea on their own acres. For Kitty was the last to carry the name, and she left it in Ardevora vestry the day she signed marriage with Paul Lebow (or, as he wrote it, Lebeau—"b-e-a-u"): and the property had gone generations before. As she said 'pon her death-bed, "five-foot-six of church-hay will hold the only two achers left to me," she being a little body and very facetious to the last, and meaning her legs, of course.

Now the reason I can't tell you: but the mischief with the Bottrells was this: That for generation after generation all the spirit of the family went to the females. The men just dandered away their time and their money, fell into declines, or had fits and went out like the snuff of a candle. But the women couldn't be held nor bound, lived to any age they pleased, and either kept their sweethearts on the hook or married them and made their lives a burden. Oh, a bean-fed sex, Sir, and monstrous handsome! And Kitty, though little, was as handsome as any, and walked Ardevora streets with her eight daughters, all tall as grenadiers and terrible as an army with banners.

Her father, old Piers Bottrell, had been a ship's captain: a very tidy old fellow in his behaviour, but muddled in mind, especially towards the end; so that when he died (which he did in his bed, quite peaceful) he must needs take and haunt the house. There wasn't a ha'porth of reason for it, that anyone could discover; and Kitty didn't mind it one farthing. But some say it frightened her husband into his grave: though I reckon he took worse fright at Kitty presenting him with eight daughters one after the other. With a woman like that, you can't



"O-ho! And so, belike, are the eight handsome daughters?"

say where accident ends and love of mischief begins. And for that matter, there was no telling why she'd married the man at all except for mischief: his father and mother being poor French refugees that had come to Ardevora thirty years before, and been given shelter by the borough charity in the old Ugnés House*—the same that old Piers Bottrell afterwards bought and died in: and Lebow himself, though born in the town and a fisherman by calling, never able to get his tongue round good plain English until the day he was drowned on the whiting-grounds and left Kitty a widow-woman.

All this, as you'll see by-and-by, has to do in one way or another with the Great Election, which took place in the year '68. (The way I'm so glib with the date is that Kit Lebow was so proud of her doings on that day, she had a silver cup made for a *momentum* and used to measure out her guineas in it: and her great-gran'daughter, Mary Ann Cocking, has the cup to this day in her house in Nanjivey Street, where I've seen it a score of times and spelled out the writing, "C. L."—for Christian Lebow—"1768.") And concerning this Election you must know that "the Duke's interest," as they called it—that's to say, the Whigs—had ruled the roost in Ardevora for more than fifty years; mainly through the Duke's agent, old Squire Martin of Tregoose, that collected the rents, held pretty well all the public offices inside his ten fingers, and would save up a grudge for time-out-of-mind against any man that crossed him. Two members we returned in those days, and in grown men's memories scarce a Tory among them.

There was grumbling, you may be sure: but the old gang held their way, and thought to carry this Election as easy as the others, until word came down that one of the Tory candidates would be Dr. Macann, the famous Bath physician: and this was a facer.

What made this Dr. Macann such a tearing hot candidate was his having been born at Trudgian, a mile out of town here to the west'ard. The Macanns had farmed Trudgian for maybe a hundred years, having come over from Ireland to start with: a poor, hand-to-mouth lot, respected for nothing but their haveage,† which was understood to be something out of the common. But this Samuel, as he was called, turned out a bright boy with his books, and won his way somehow to Cambridge College; and from College, after doing famously, he took his foot in his hand and went up to walk the London hospitals; and so bloomed out into a great doctor, with a gold-headed cane and a wonderful gift with the women—a personable man, too, with a neat leg, a high colour, and a voice like a church organ. The best of the fellow was he helped his parents and never seemed ashamed of 'em. And for this, and because he'd done credit to the town, the folks couldn't make too much of him.

Well, as I said, this putting up of Macann was a facer for the Duke's men, and they met at the George and Dragon Inn to talk over their unpopularity. There was old Squire Martin, as wicked as a buck rat in a sink; and his son Bob, that had lately taken over the Duke's agency; and his brother Ned, the drunken Vicar of Trancells; and his second cousin John Martin, otherwise John à Hall, all wit and no character; and old Parson Polsue, with his curate, old Mr. Grandison, the one almost too shaky to hold a churchwarden pipe while the other lighted it; and Roger Newte, whose monument you see over the hill—a dapper, youngish-looking man, very careful of his finger-nails and smooth in his talk till he got you in a corner. Last but not least was this Roger Newte, who had settled here as Collector of Customs and meant to be Mayor next year; a man to go where the Devil can't, and that's between the oak and the rind.

Well, there they were met, drinking punch and smoking their clays and discussing this and that; and Mr. Newte keeping the peace between John à Hall, with his ill-regulated tongue, and the old Parson, who, to say truth, was half the cause of their unpopularity, the church services having sunk to a public scandal; and yet they durstn't cast him over, by reason that he owned eight ramshackle houses, and his curate a couple besides, and by mock-sale could turn these into as many brand-new voters.

"There's nothing for it but pluck," said Mr. Newte. "We must make a new Poor Rate. They've been asking a new one for years; and, bejimmers! I hope they'll like the one they get."

The old Squire stroked his chin. "That's a bit too dangerous, Newte."

"Where's the danger? Churchwardens and Overseers, we can count on every man."

"The parish will appeal, as sure as a gun. King's Bench will send down a *mandamus*, and the game's up. I don't want to go to prison at my time of life."

"I know something of the law," said Mr. Newte—and indeed he'd studied it at Lincoln's Inn, and kept more knowledge under his wig than any man in the borough. "I know something of law, and there's no question of going to prison. The Tories will appeal to the next Quarter Sessions, and Quarter Sessions will maybe quash the Rate; and that'll take time. Then the Overseers will sit still for a week or two, or a month or two, until the Tories lose patience and apply to London for a writ. Down comes the writ, we'll say: Whereupon the Overseers will sit down and make out a new Rate just a shade different from the last, and the Tories will have to begin again—Quarter Sessions, Court o' King's Bench, *mandamus*—"

"King's Bench will send down more like, and attach the Overseers for contempt of Court," suggested young Bob Martin, who was one of them.

"Not a bit of it; but I'll allow you may find it hard to keep their pluck to the sticking-point. Very well, then here's another plan: When it comes to the writ, the Overseers can make out a new Rate 'agreeable to the form and tenor of the same,' as the words go. But a new Rate's worthless until you, Squire, and you,

Parson, have signed the allowance for it as magistrates: and now comes your turn to give trouble."

"And how 'm I to do that?" asked the old Squire.

"Why, by keeping out of the way, to be sure. Take a holiday: find out some little spa that suits your complaint, and go and drink the waters."

"Ay, do, Parson," chimed in John à Hall. "Take Grandison, here, along with you, and we'll all have a holiday together."

"At the worse," chipped in Newte, "they'll fine you fifty pounds for misbehaviour."

"Fifty pounds? Fine me fifty pounds?" the Parson quavered, his pipe-stem wagging.

"Bless your heart, Sir, we can work it in somehow with the Election expenses. But it may not come to that. Parliament's more than five years old already, and I'll warrant the King dissolves it by next spring at latest: which reminds me that keeping an eye on the Voters' List is all very well, but unless we can find a tearing hot pair of candidates, this Macann may unsaddle us after all."

II.

Well, this or something like it was the plan agreed on; and for candidates they managed to get the Duke's own son, Lord William, and a Major Dyngwall, a friend of his, very handsome to look at, but shy in the mouth-speech. With Doctor Macann the Tories put up a Mr. Saule, from Bristol, who took a terrible deal of snuff and looked wise, but had some maggot in his head that strong drink isn't good for a man. Why or how this should be he might have known but couldn't tell, being a desperate poor speaker, and, if possible, a worse hand at it than Major Dyngwall.

I won't take you through all the battle over the Poor Rate. You understand that the right of voting for Parliament belonged to all the inhabitants of the borough paying Scot and Lot; and who these were the Rate-sheet determined. So you may fancy the pillaloo that went up when the Overseers posted their new assessment on the church door and 'twas found they'd ruled out no less than sixty voters known, or suspected to be, in Dr. Macann's interest. The Tories appealed to Quarter Sessions, of course, and the Rate was quashed. On their side, Roger Newte and Bob Martin kept the Overseers up to the proper mark of stubbornness: so to London the matter went, and from London down came the order for a new assessment. But by this time Parliament's days were numbered; and, speculating on this, Mr. Newte (who was now Mayor of the Borough) played a stroke in a thousand. He persuaded the Overseers to make a return to the writ certifying they had obeyed it to the best of their skill and conscience, and drawn up a new list: which list they posted a fortnight later, and only seven days—as it turned out—before Parliament dissolved: and will you believe it, but the only difference between it and the old one was that they'd added the name of Christiana Lebow, widow—who, being a woman, hadn't a vote at all!

But wait a bit! The Overseers, choosing their time, had this new list posted in the church porch at ten o'clock one morning; and, having posted it, stepped across the road to the George and Dragon. The old inn used to stand slap opposite the church; and there, in the parlour-window, were assembled all the Duke's men—Squire Martin and his son, Roger Newte, John à Hall, the Parson, and all the rest of the gang—as well to see how the people would take it as to give the timorous Overseers a backing. This was Newte's idea—to sit there in full view, put a bold face on it, and have the row—if row there was to be—over at once. And, to top it up, they had both the Whig candidates with them—these having arrived in Ardevora three days before, and begun their canvass, knowing that Parliament must be dissolved and the new writs issued in a few days at farthest.

Well, a crowd gathered at once about the list, and some ran off with the dare-devil news of it, while others hung about and grumbled, and let out a few oaths every now and then, and looked like men in two minds about stoning the windows opposite, where the Duke's gang stood as careless as brass, sipping their punch and covering the poor Overseers, that half expected to be ducked in the harbour sooner or later for their morning's work.

For one solid hour they sat there, fairly daunting the crowd: but as the church clock struck eleven, Major Dyngwall, the candidate—that was talking to old Parson Polsue, and carrying it off very fairly—puts his eyeglass up of a sudden, and, says he, "Amazons, begad!" meaning, as I have heard it explained, that here were some out-of-the-common females.

And out of the common they were—Kit Lebow with her eight daughters, all wafting up the street like a bevy of peacocks in their best hoops and bonnets: Kit herself sailing afore, with her long malacca staff tap-tapping the cobbles, and her tall daughters behind like a tall bodyguard, two and two—Maria, Constantia, Elizabeth Jane, Perilla, Christian the Younger, Marcella, Thomasine, and Lally. Along she comes, marches up to the board—the crowd making way for her—and reads down the list. "H'm," says she, and wheeling to the rightabout, marches straight across to the open window of the George.

"Give you good morning, gentlemen," says she, dropping a curtsy. "I see you've a-put me on the Voters' List; and, with your leave, I'd like a look at your candidates."

"With pleasure, Madam," says Lord William, starting up from the table where he was writing at the back of the room, and coming forward with a bow. And Major Dyngwall bowed likewise to her and the whole company of her daughters spreading out behind her like a fan. "Take your glass down from your eye, young man," she said, addressing herself to the Major. "One window should be shelter enough for a sojer—and la! you're none so ill-featured for a pair of Whigs."

* Probably "Huguenots' House." † Lineage.



"You're none so ill-featured for a pair of Whigs."

"THE MAZED ELECTION."—BY "Q."

"Ay," put in John à Hall, "they'll compare with your Sammy Macann, mistress." And he pitched to sing a verse of his invention, that the Whigs of the town afterwards got by heart—

"Doctor Macann
's an Irishman,
He's got no business here;
Mister Saule
He's nothin' at all,
He won't lev us have no beer."

"Well, indeed now," answered Kitty, pitching her voice back for the crowd to hear, "'tis the Martins should know if the Macanns be Irish, and what business an Irishman has in Ardevora: for, if I recollect, the first Macann and the first Martin were shipwrecked together coming over from Dunganarvan in a cattle-boat, and they do say 'twas Macann owned the cattle and Martin drove 'em. And as for Mr. Saule," she went on, while the crowd grinned to see John à Hall turning red in the gills, "if he stops off the beer in this town, 'tis yourself will be the better for it, whoever's hurt."

"May I have the pleasure to learn this lady's name?" asked Lord William very politely, turning to the old Squire.

"She's just an eccentric body, my Lord," said he; "and, I'm sorry to say, a violent enemy to your Lordship's cause."

"Hoots and roots!" says Kitty. "I'm Christian Lebow, that used to be Bottrell: which means that your forefathers and mine, my Lord, came over to England together, like the Macanns and the Martins, though maybe some time before, and not in a cattle-boat. No enemy am I to your Lordship, nor to the Major here, as I'll prove any day you choose to drink a dish of tea with me or to taste my White Ale; but only to the ill company you keep with these Martins and Newtes, that have robbed sixty honest men of their votes and given one to me that can't use it. I can't use it to keep you out of Parliament-house. I would if I could—honest fighting between gentlefolks: but I may use it before the Election's over to make these rogues laugh on the wrong side of their faces."

She used to say afterwards that the words came into her mouth like prophesying: but I believe she just spoke out in her temper, as women will. At any rate, Lord William smiled and bowed, and said he, "The Major and I will certainly do ourselves the pleasure of calling and tasting your ale, Mrs. Lebow."

"The recipe is three hundred years old," said Kitty, and swept him a curtsy, the like of which for stateliness you don't see nowadays: it wants practice and sea-room. And all her eight daughters curtsied to the daps behind her in a half-moon, to the delight of Major Dyngwall, that had been studying Lally, the youngest (which is short for Eulalia), through his eyeglass. And with that, to the admiration of the multitude, they faced about and went sailing up the street.

III.

Well, I suppose in the heat of the fight—the nomination taking place a few days afterwards, and the struggle being a mighty doubtful one, for all the trick of the Rating-list, against which the Tories had sent up an appeal—Lord William forgot all about his promise to call and taste Mrs. Lebow's White Ale. It came into his mind of a sudden on the day before the Election, being Sunday morning, and he breakfasting with the Major and half-a-dozen of their supporters up at Tregoose, where old Squire Martin kept open house for the Whigs right through the contest.

"Plague take it!" says he, running his eye down the Voters' List between his sips of coffee. "I've clean neglected that old lady and her brew.

I suppose 'tis dreadful stuff?" he goes on, rather anxious-like, lifting an eye towards the old Squire.

"I've never had the privilege to taste it," says the Squire.

"Oh, it's none so bad," puts in the Major carelessly.

"Why, Dyngwall—how the Dickens alive do *you* know?"

"I dropped in the other day—in fact, I've called once or twice. The old lady's monstrous entertaining," answered the Major, pretty pink in the face.

"O-ho!" Lord William screwed up one eye. "And so, belike, are the eight handsome daughters? But look ye here, Dyngwall," says he, "I can't have you skirmishing on your own account in this fashion. If there's a baby left to be kissed in this town—or anything older, for that matter—we go shares, my lad."

"You needn't be so cussedly officious, need you?" says the Major, firing up, to the astonishment of all.

Lord William looks at him for a moment. "My dear fellow," says he, "I beg your pardon."

And the Major was mollified at once, the two (as I said) being old friends.

"But all the same," says his Lordship to himself, "I'd best go call on this old lady without losing time." So he put it to Squire Martin: "I've a promise to keep, and to-morrow

we shall be busy-all. Couldn't we start early, and pay Mrs. Lebow a visit on our way to church?"

"You won't get no comfort out of calling," said the Squire: "but let it be as you please."

So off they set: and as Kitty and her daughters were tying their bonnet-strings for churchgoing—blue and gold every one of them (these being the Tory colours), and only Lally thinking to herself that scarlet and orange might, maybe, suit her complexion better—there came a knock at the door, and squinting over her blind Kitty caught sight of Lord William and the Major, with the old Squire behind them, that had never crossed her doorstep in his life.

She wasn't going to lower her colours, of course. But down she went in her blue and gold, opened the door, and curtsied. (Oh! the pink of manners!) "No inconvenience at all," she said, and if ever a cordial was needed it would be before sitting out one of old Parson Palsy's forty-year-old sermons. So out came



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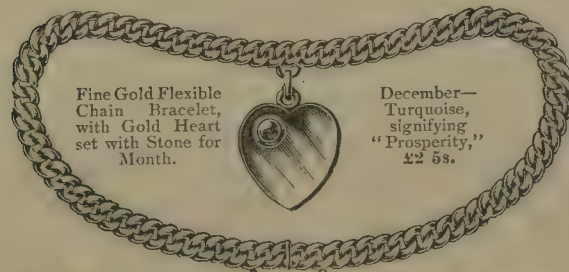


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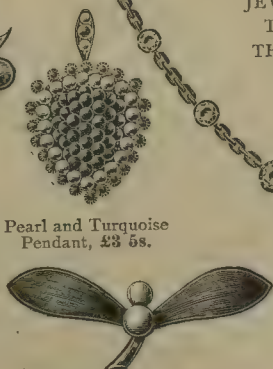


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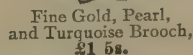
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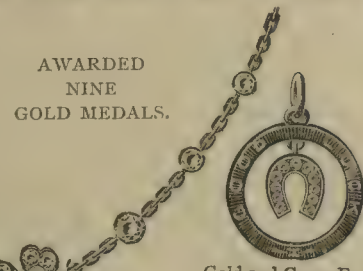
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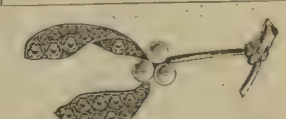


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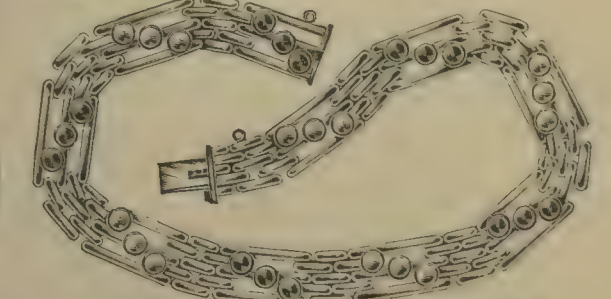


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the famous White Ale, with the long-stemmed glasses proper to drink it from, and a dish of ratafias to justify the stomach. And behold, all was bowing and compliments, and enmity forgot, till Lord William happened to say—

"Strong stuff, Squire—eh? The Major should look to his head with it, after his morning tankard: but for coffee-drinkers like you and me I reckon there's no danger."

Kitty gave a little gasp, all to herself. "Do you take coffee with your breakfast, my Lord?" she asked—and declared to her last day it seemed like another person speaking, her voice sounded so unnatural.

"Ha-bitually," says Lord William, and begins discoursing on the coffee-bean, and how it cleared the brain.

Kitty couldn't look at him steady, but was forced to glance away and out of window. The tears and the fun were rising together within her like a spring tide. Lord William thought that her mind was running on the clock, and she wished to be rid of them. So the bowing and compliments began again, and inside of ten minutes the visitors had made their congees and were out in the street.

The door was scarcely shut upon them when Kitty sank down all of a heap in her armchair and began to rock herself to and fro.

"Oh, oh, oh," she began; and her daughters truly thought at first 'twas hysterics. "I'll give it forty minutes," she said. "Maria, if 'twasn't so near upon church-time, I'd ask you to loosen my stays. White Ale upon coffee! Oh, oh, oh!" And with that she started up. "Forty minutes! What it'll do in forty minutes no earthly power can tell. But get ready, girls, and follow close till I'm safe in church."

So forth she sailed, and her eight daughters behind her, down the street, in by the churchyard gate, and up through the crowd to the porch with her face set like the calm of Doomsday.

IV.

Well, the congregation settled itself, and service began, and not a sign—as why should there be?—of any feelings but holy devotion. The Whigs looked at their books, and the Tories looked at their books; and poor old Curate Grandison lost his place and his spectacles, and poor old Parson Polsue dropped asleep in the First Lesson. He'd neglected two parishes to come and preach the sermon: for Ardevora, you must know, was one of three livings he held besides a canonry, and he kept Grandison to serve the three, that being all he could afford after paying for his carriage-and-pair and postillions to carry him back and forth between us and Penzance, where he lodged for the sake of his asthma and the little card-parties for which Penzance was famous in those days. But not even an Election Sunday could keep him properly awake. So on went the old comedy, as by law established; the congregation, Whig and Tory, not able to hear one word in ten, but taking their cues from Tommy Size, the parish clerk.

The first sign of something amiss came about midway in the hymn before the sermon, with old Squire Martin's setting down his book and dropping into his seat very sudden. Few noticed it, the pew being a tall one: but the musicianers overlooking it from the gallery saw him crossing his hands over his waistcoat, which caused one or two to play their notes false: and Nance Julian in the pew

behind heard him groan: "I can't sit it out! Not for a hundred pounds can I sit it out!"

By this time Parson Polsue, with his sermon tucked under his arm, was tottering up the pulpit stairs, and Churchwarden Hancock standing underneath, as usual, to watch him arrive safe or to break his fall if he tumbled. And just as he reached the top and caught hold of the desk cushion to stay himself, Lord William dropped out of view in the face of the congregation, and the hymn—music and singing together—ciphered out like an organ with its bellows slit.

The next moment open flew the door of the Tregoose pew, and out poured Lord William and Squire Martin with judgment on their faces, making a bee-line for the fresh air; and after them Major Dyngwall with a look of concern; and a'ter him young Bob Martin, that had only waited to pick up the others' hats.

Well, you can't run a spark through a barrel of gunpowder. Like wildfire it flew through the church that the Duke's party and the Parson had quarrelled, and

this was a public protest. Whig and Tory settled that with one scrape of the feet, and Major Dyngwall turned in the porch to find the whole crowd at his heels.

"My good people," says he, "pray don't alarm yourselves! I—I don't quite know what's the matter: a sudden indisposition—nothing serious. Do, please, go back!"

Go back? Not a bit of it. "You're quite right, Sir—disgrace to a Christian country—high time for a public example—Stand to it, Sir, and the Bishop will have to interfere—Three cheers for the Red and Orange! Three cheers for Religion and no Abuses! Three cheers for Lord William and Major Dyngwall! Hip-hip-hooray!" Do what the Major might, the crowd swept him and the poor sufferers through the churchyard and across the street, and hung cheering around the George and Dragon, while he dosed the pair inside with hot brandy-and-water.

And all this while Kitty stood—

as she declared ever after—with the thoughts hissing in her head like eggs in a frying-pan. She heard the crowd cheering outside, and felt the votes slipping away with every cheer. She cast her eyes up to the pulpit, and there, through a haze, saw old Parson Polsue rubbing his spectacles and shaking like an aspen. Her wits only came back to her when the Tory candidates, in the pew before her, reached for their hats and prepared to follow the mob. Dr. Macann was actually fumbling with the button of the door. Quick as thought then she seized a hassock, sprang on it, and, reaching over the partition, pressed a hand down on his chestnut wig.

"Aw, sit still—sit still, man!" she commanded. "Thee'rt throwing helve after hatchet, I tell 'ee. What's a colic, after all?"

"I don't follow you, Mrs. Lebow," said the Doctor: and small blame to him.

"Never you mind about understanding," said Kitty. "But sit you down and keep your eye on the Parson. See the colour on him—that's anger, my dear. And see his jaw—full of blessed stubbornness! Nine good votes he has, and old Grandison a couple more: and every one of 'em as good as cast for you,



"Aw, sit still—sit still, man!"

if you keep your seat. Sit still for two minutes now, and to-morrow you shall sit for Ardevora."

"But the crowd?" the Doctor couldn't help murmuring, though he obeyed none the less.

Kitty's eye began to twinkle. "Leave the crowd to me," she was beginning, when her eye lit on John à Hall, that had entered and was making his way towards the pulpit, from which in the fury of his anger, old Polsue was climbing down with a nimbleness you wouldn't believe. And with that she almost laughed out, for a worse peacemaker the Whigs couldn't have chosen. But Major Dyngwall had sent him, having none to advise, and being near to his wits' end, poor man.

"Beg your pardon, Parson," began John à Hall, stepping up with that grin on his face which he couldn't help and which the Parson abominated: "but I'm here to bring Lord William's compliments and apologies, and assure you from him that your sermon had nothing to do with his colic. Nothing whatever!"

Parson Polsue opened his mouth to answer, but thought better of it. I reckon he remembered the sacred edifice. At any rate he went past John à Hall with a terrific turn of speed, and old Grandison after him: and the next news was the vestry-door slammed to behind them both, as 'twere with the very wind of wrath.

"And my poor mother used to recommend it for the colic!" said Kitty, which puzzled the Doctor worse than ever.

V.

Before evening 'twas known through Ardevora that the Parson's votes and interest had been booked by the Tories: which, of course, only made the Church rebels (as you might call them) the more set on standing by their conversion and voting for the Whigs. Nobody could tell their numbers for certain, but nobody put them down under twenty: and both the Doctor and Mr. Saule called on Kitty again that evening with faces like fiddles. But Kitty wasn't to be daunted. "My dears," she said, "if the worst comes to the worst, and you can't win these votes back by four o'clock to-morrow, I've a stocking full of guineas at your service: and I han't lived in Ardevora all this while without picking up the knowledge how to spend 'em: and *that's* at your service too. But we'll try a cheaper way first," says she, smiling to herself very comfortably.

Up at Tregoose they'd put Lord William and the old Squire to bed: and a score of Whig supporters spent the best part of the evening downstairs in the dining-room, with Major Dyngwall in the chair, working out the Voters' List and making fresh calculations. On the whole, they felt cheerful enough, and showed it: but they had to own, first, that the Parson's votes were almost as bad as lost, whereas the amount of gains couldn't be reckoned with certainty: and second, that, resting as they did upon a confusion between religious feeling and the colic, 'twas important that Lord William should recover by next morning, show himself about the town and at the hustings, and clinch the mistake. John à Hall—who had a head on his shoulders when parsons weren't concerned—shook it at this. He didn't believe for a moment that Lord William could be brought up to the poll; and as it turned out, he was right. But towards the end of the discussion he brought forward a very clever suggestion.

"I don't know," says he, "if the Major here's an early riser?"

"Moderately," says Major Dyngwall, looking for the moment as if the question took him fairly aback. They didn't think much of this at the time, but it came back to their minds later on.

"Well, then," says John à Hall, "you're all terrible certain about the Parson's votes being lost: but dang me if I've lost hope of 'em yet. Though I can't do it myself, I believe the old fool could be handled. By five in the morning, say, we shall know about Lord William. If he can't leave his bed—and I'll bet he can't—I suggest that the Major steps down, pays an early call, and tells Parson the simple truth from beginning to end."

"An excellent suggestion!" put in Mr. Newte. "I was about to make it myself. There's nothing like telling the truth, after all: and I'll take care it doesn't get about the town till the poll's closed."

Well, so it was arranged: and early next morning, after dressing himself very carefully and making sure that Lord William couldn't leave his room (he was as yellow as an egg, poor fellow, with a kind of mild janders), away the Major starts upon his errand, promising to be back by seven, to be driven down to the poll behind a brass band.

On the stroke of eight, when Roger Newte, as Mayor and Returning Officer, declared the poll open, down the street came the blue-and-gold band, with Dr. Macann and Mr. Saule behind it bowing and smiling in a two-horse shay, and a fine pillaloo of supporters. They cheered like mad to find themselves first in the field, though disappointed in their hearts (I believe), having counted on a turn-up with the opposition band, just to start the day sociably. The Tory candidates climbed the hustings, and there the Doctor fired off six speeches and Mr. Saule a couple, while the votes came rolling in like pennies at the door of a menagerie. And still no sign of the Whigs, nor sound of any band from the direction of Tregoose. By half-past eight Roger Newte was looking nervous, and began to send off small boys to hurry his friends up. Towards nine o'clock Dr. Macann made another speech, and set the crowd roaring with "'Tis the voice of the sluggard," out of Dr. Watts's hymn-book. "But I don't even hear his voice!" said he, very facetious-like: and "Seriously, gentlemen, my Whig friends might be more careful of your feelings. We know that they consider Ardevora their own: but they might at least avoid insulting the British Liberty they have injured"—telling words, these, I can assure you. "Nor," he went on, "is it quite fair treatment of our worthy Mayor here: who cannot be expected, single-

handed, to defy you as he defied the Court of King's Bench and treat your votes as he treated your Rate List." Newte had to stand there and swallow this: though it was poison to him, and he swore next day he'd willingly spend ten years in the pit of the wicked for getting quits with Macann. But what fairly knocked the fight out of him was to see, five minutes later, old Parson Polsue totter up the steps towards him with a jaw stuck out like a mule's, and Grandison behind, and all their contingent. Though made up of Tories to a man, the crowd couldn't help hissing; but it affected the old fellow not a doot.

"Macann and Saule," said he, speaking up sharp and loud: and at the names the hissing became a cheer fit to lift the roofs off their eaves.

Newte fairly forgot himself. "Ha—haven't you seen Major Dyngwall this morning?" he managed to ask.

And with that the crowd below parted, and John à Hall came roaring through it like a bull.

"Where's the Major! Major Dyngwall! Who's seen Major Dyngwall?"

[Continued on page 42.]



"It wasn't meant to, my son," snapped Kitty.

From the "Mail and Empire," Toronto, Canada—

FIRST AID TO ANIMALS.

The Farmer may Learn to Treat His Own Cattle and Horses.

It is a question if the live stock of our farms are as hardy and as free from disease as were those of pioneer days. The stone walls of the bank barns and the more liberal allowance of food have

worked wonders in replacing the long-horned, pot-bellied steer by the chunky, sleek-haired beeve of to-day. The gain in weight of individual is most marked, and earlier maturity brings a proportionately greater profit to the owner.

Some veterinarians tell us, however, that the comfortable stables and the confinement of stalls are conducive to a weakening of the constitution, so much so that ailments of many kinds are now met with that were formerly unknown. The treatment of these ills becomes a matter of some importance with valuable stock, and even if the services of a veterinary are available, it is well that the farmer should have a practical knowledge of the

symptoms of sickness. Injuries are unavoidable, and prompt attention to these may save life. An excellent work on first aid to animals in cases of accidents and ailments has been published by Elliman, Sons and Co., of Slough, England, giving information that will be of assistance in the emergencies that arise in every herd or flock. The volume contains 188 pages, with fifty illustrations, and devotes considerable space to poultry and dogs, as well as to the larger farm stock. A pleasing feature is the

clearness of the descriptions and the avoidance of technical terms. The treatments prescribed are remarkably simple, calling for the employment of such means as may be found ready to hand on any farm. In addition there is a set of illustrations, indicating the appearance of the teeth of the horse at different ages. Some valuable prescriptions are given for remedies that may be kept in store for immediate use. The care of horses and their needs in the way of water and feed are discussed at some length. So highly was this book appreciated by Major-General Baden-Powell, in South Africa, that he has had each of the troop officers of the constabulary under his command supplied with a copy.



Elliman's First Aid to Animals

Published by Elliman, Sons & Co., Slough, England

IN COLOURS. Superior work. A copy of above, to measure 30 in. by 19 in., suitable for framing, may be had for stamps or P.O. value One Shilling, post free throughout the world. Foreign stamps accepted. A companion Racehorse picture to the above may also be had upon the same terms; also that of a "Bad Unsound Horse" upon the same terms; also an assorted Packet of Elliman Coloured Postcards, six in number, may be had, price 6d. per packet; also a copy of THE ELLIMAN FIRST AID BOOK, described in the letterpress round this picture, may be obtained post free by sending stamps to the value of 1s., or by sending the label affixed for the purpose to the outside of the back of the wrapper of a 2s. Bottle of Elliman's Royal Embrocation. Owners of Dogs or Birds only can have the section relating to them—54 pages—apart from the complete Book, free.

Address, ELLIMAN, SONS, & CO., Slough, England.



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Reduces the hours of labour.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

Increases the hours of ease.

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Removes dirt easily.

TO MULTIPLY PLEASURE AND REDUCE LABOUR
USE
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NO TOILING—NO BOILING!
TO SAVE TIME IS TO LENGTHEN LIFE!
Highest Standard of Purity and Excellence.

LEVER BROTHERS, Limited, Port Sunlight, Cheshire.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

Lessens the worries of life.

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Adds to the pleasures of home.

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Preserves the clothes.



Oh, gaily they kept their Yule-tide feast
 When Harry the Fifth was King;
 Indulgently smiled the shaveling priest
 As they made the rafters ring.
 "For the time," said he, "is a time for mirth,
 And peace and goodwill o'er all the earth."

THE MEN-AT-ARMS' CHRISTMAS.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.

So Giles the Gallant went unrebuked
 When he called for one draught more
 In the good black-jack, and slyly looked
 As Margery told his score;
 "For I'll pay it thrice in kisses," cried he,
 And he toasted the maid with three times three.

"Ay, we're all asking that?" called out some person, sarcastic-like: and all began to laugh and to boo. But John à Hall caught at the rail and swung himself up the steps.

"You thundering fools!" he bellowed. "Is it foul play that tickles you? One of our candidates you've contrived to poison, and I've left him at Tregoose between life and death. What have you done with the other?" By this time he had the mob fairly hushed and gaping. "What have you done with the other?" he shouted, banging his fist down on the Returning Officer's table. "Let Parson Polsue speak first, for to my knowledge the Major was bound for his lodgings when last seen."

"I haven't set eyes on him," said Parson Polsue.

"I saw him!" piped up a woman in the crowd. "I saw him, about six this morning. He was walking along the fore-shore, towards Mr. Grandison's."

At this everyone turned to the Curate; but he shook his head. "Major Dyngwall has not called on me this morning. Indeed I have not seen him."

"Then run you and search—half-a-dozen of you!" commanded John à Hall. "I'll get to the bottom of this I warn you. And as for you, Dr. Macann, and you, Mr. Saule—if you haven't learnt the difference between honest fighting and poisoning—kidnapping—murder—maybe—"

But he got no farther. "That's enough of big words," said a voice, very quiet, but so that all had to listen: and behold, there was Kitty Lebow mounting the steps, as cool as cream in a dairy.

She landed on the platform and took a glance about her, and the folk read in

her eye that she had come to enjoy herself. "Reckon I have a right here so well as the best of you, since you put me on the Rate List," says she, with a dry sort of twinkle. And with that she rounded on John à Hall. "I think I heard you talkin' of poison, Mr. Martin," says she, "not to mention kidnapping, and worse. And

you asked, or my ears deceived me, if we knew the difference between poison and fair play? Well, we do. And likewise we know the difference between sickness and shamming; and likewise, again, the difference between making a demonstration in church and walking out because you've three fingers of White Ale inside you and it don't lie down with your other vittles. I ask ye, folks all"—and here she swung round to the crowd—"did ever one of you hear that Christiana Lebow's White Ale was poison? Hasn't it been known and famous in this town, before ever a Martin came to trouble us? And hasn't it times and again steadied my own inside when it rebelled against their attorney's tricks? Well now, I tell you, I gave three fingers of it to Lord William yesterday when he called in the way of

politeness on his road to church: and sorry I am for the young man; and wouldn't ha' done it if I guessed he'd been taking coffee with his breakfast. For White Ale and coffee is like Bottrells and Martins: they weren't made to mix. And another three fingers I doled out to the old Squire, and more by token 'twas the first time he'd ever darkened my threshold. That's my story: 'tis truth from a truth-speaking woman. And now if any silly fellow is going to vote Whig because o' yesterday, all I can say is—let him drink a breakfast cup of coffee and come to me for a glass of the other stuff; and if in forty minutes' time

[Continued on page 46.]



"It's long since I've had such an enjoyable day."



"SHUT YOUR EYES AND OPEN YOUR MOUTH."

HOOPING COUGH.**ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION.**

"Fair View, 84, Genesta Road, Plumstead, Jan. 29, 1889.

"Dear Sirs,—I am pleased to tell you that as far back as 1883 I used your Roche's Embrocation on my little girl, then a baby three months old, who had had Hooping Cough for ten days, and had fallen away to almost a skeleton in that short time. I took her into Hampshire, to my home, and directly my mother heard her cough she said: 'That baby has Hooping Cough,' and gave me the remains of a bottle of Roche's Embrocation, which she had kept by her. I used it according to the directions, and found it cured her in two days. I then sent for another bottle, and in three weeks the cough was quite gone; the child commenced to make flesh, and is now a strong girl of sixteen years of age, a wonder to all who knew her at that time.

"I afterwards used the Embrocation on a little girl, three years old, who was cured in seventeen days during the Christmas holidays, without any return of the cough. People wondered and asked what had cured her? I told them Roche's Embrocation.

"I also had a baby ten months old who was badly taken with Hooping Cough, on whom I used the Embrocation, and in three weeks she was cured, and the cough did not return.

"I used one bottle to each child, and in every case in which I have used or known Roche's Embrocation to be used for Hooping Cough, Bronchitis, or Croup, it has been effectual. Wishing you every success, and hoping this may be beneficial to many poor suffering children,

"I remain, yours sincerely, ELIZA C. DAW."

BRONCHITIS. RHEUMATISM. CROUP. LUMBAGO.

Copy of an Order received.—"Baroness Melting requests Messrs. Edwards to despatch six bottles of Roche's HERBAL EMBROCATION, used for children having Hooping Cough, to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cumberland. "Penzance, Vienna, March 24, 1889."

Price 4/- per Bottle.

Sole Wholesale Agents—**W. EDWARDS & SON,**
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HANDSOME CATALOGUE FREE

Illustrating Hundreds of Musical Instruments, Plate, Watches, Jewellery, & useful Household Articles, sent free on application J. M. DRAPER (Dept. 407), Organette Works, BLACKBURN, S.

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FOR MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY this Powder has sustained an unrivalled reputation throughout the United Kingdom and Colonies as the BEST and SAFEST Article for CLEANING SILVER and ELECTRO-PLATE. Sold in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. each, by Grocers, Chemists, Ironmongers, &c.

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For Cleaning and Polishing all kinds of Cabinet Furniture. Sold in Bottles, 6d. and 1s. each, by Chemists, Grocers, Ironmongers, &c.

SIX GOLD MEDALS AWARDED.**GODDARD'S POLISHING CLOTHS.**

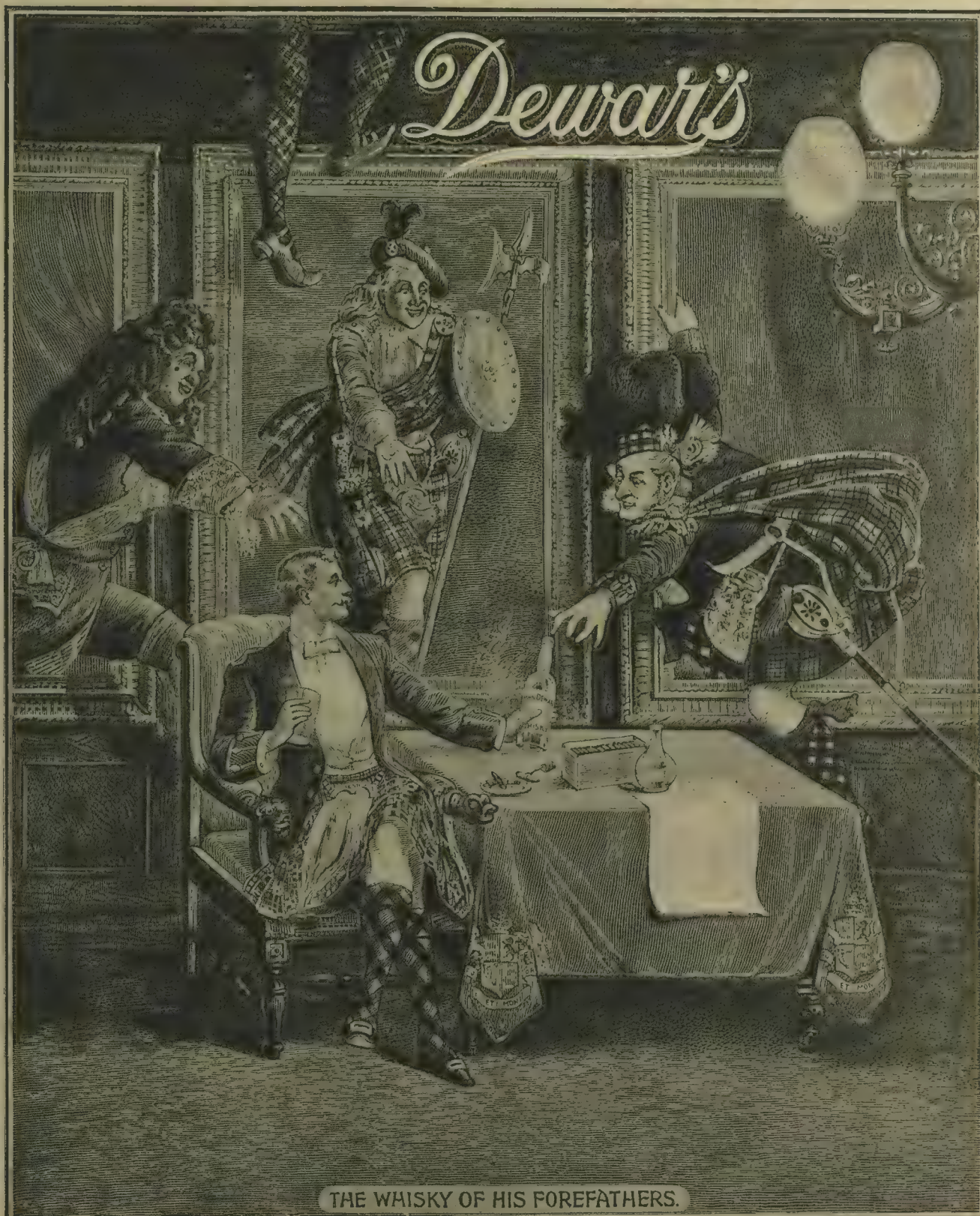
Three in a Box, 1s. Agents—OSMONDE & MATTHEWS London.

PASTA**MACK****FOR BATH AND TOILET USE.**

PASTA MACK is made in perfumed Tablets Sparkling and Effervescent when placed in the water. Beautifies the complexion; softens the water, and yields a delicious perfume to the skin.

Manufactured by H. MACK, Ulm o/D, Germany (Proprietor of MYRA BORAX).

To be had of all Chemists and Perfumers, in 2/6 and 1/- boxes, or direct from the Wholesale Depot, 32, SNOW HILL, LONDON, E.C.

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Awarded only GRAND PRIX, Paris, 1900.

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Over 50 Gold and Prize Medals and Diplomas awarded for OLD HIGHLAND WHISKY.

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Branches: Manchester, Bristol, New York, Sydney, Bombay. Distilleries: Tullymet, Ballintuig, and Aberfeldy, Perthshire.

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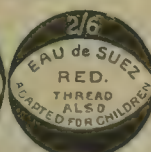
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CIRCULAR POINTED
PENS.
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YELLOW THREAD immediately and permanently cures Toothache, however violent it may be. That with the **GREEN THREAD** should be used as a daily Mouth Wash; its special properties destroy the microbes which attack the teeth, free the mouth from all unpleasant odours, including tobacco, whiten the teeth, and secure a pure and healthy state of the gums and mouth till the end.

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"The tide cut 'em off."

"THE MAZED ELECTION."—BY "Q."

(SEE PAGE 46.)

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP



FOR PUBLIC SAFETY

WHAT PRES. REEDY SAYS:

"The Master Barbers' Association of the State of New York was organized with the specific object in view of promoting the interests of the Barbers in this State, and for the PROTECTION, SAFETY and WELFARE of the public in general. We certainly cannot do the above, unless we use in our business the BEST material and supplies obtainable, among which I certainly class Williams' Shaving Soap. After an experience in this business covering a period of twenty-two years, I can honestly say, that Williams' is the best shaving soap. To all barbers, who believe in the PROTECTION and SAFETY of the public in general, I would say, use none but Williams' Shaving Soap."

GEO. E. REEDY,

Moral: President Master Barbers' Association, State of New York.

Hair-dressers who consider the safety and welfare of their patrons, use Williams' Shaving Soap.

Sold by Chemists, Hairdressers and Perfumers, all over the world, or mailed to any address on receipt of price in stamps.

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(Trial Size of Williams' Shaving Stick, 4d.)

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The J. B. WILLIAMS CO., 64 Gt. Russell St., LONDON, W.C., or 16r Clarence St., SYDNEY
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The PROVOST OATS Gift Spoon

A NOVEL & USEFUL GIFT

SOME PEOPLE ARE SAID TO BE
BORN WITH A SILVER SPOON
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TO THOSE NOT SO BORN WE OFFER ONE FREE.

Read on to the End!

The Proprietors of the world-famed "Provost" Oats have for some time felt a desire to present their customers with a SPOON which, like their Porringer, would add to the enjoyment of a dish of porridge prepared from their unrivalled cereals. It has demanded much thought and skill on the part of the experts specially engaged to produce the exact article required, but a SPOON, satisfactory in all respects, has now been finally decided upon, which, without a doubt, will be much treasured by all who are fortunate enough to secure one.

The "PROVOST"
GIFT SPOON

IS HEAVILY

SILVER-PLATED THROUGHOUT

and the stem or handle has a beautiful original design in bas-relief most artistically engraved. Indeed, both the quality of the metal and the style of workmanship are of the highest possible character and excellence, and a notable specimen of the silver-smith's art.

This SPOON will not tarnish, and even in constant use will wear for years.

The size and shape of the SPOON are all the most fastidious could wish for, and there is No Name or Advertisement of any kind upon it.

YOU MAY GET ONE POST FREE, either

(a) By forwarding 3 2-lb. "Provost" Oats coupons and 6d. in cash; or

(b) By forwarding 15 2-lb. coupons and no cash.

N.B.—The Coupons are attached to all 2-lb. packets of "Provost" Oats (sold everywhere), and if desired these coupons can be used for either Porringers or Spoons.

It is JUST THE SPOON

for Porridge, and its size, depth, shape, and high quality make it quite a handy spoon for a variety of purposes.

It is a Charming Present

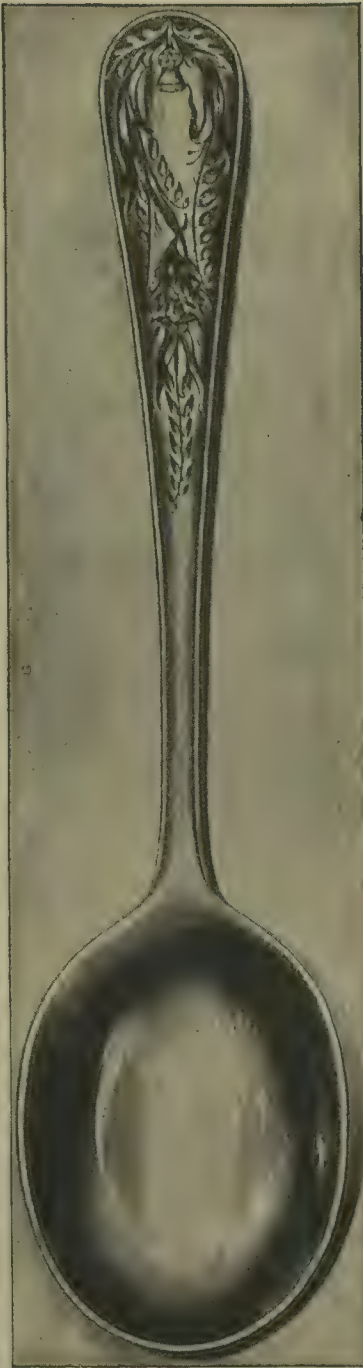
and consumers of Porridge would do well to Save the Coupons and delight their young friends and children with a "GIFT SPOON" as a Christmas Present.

The "PROVOST" GIFT SPOON is manufactured for, and registered by, the Proprietors of "Provost" Oats, and will be obtainable in the manner mentioned above during the Winter Season.

Hundreds of letters received expressing the utmost delight and satisfaction.

"Provost" Oats cooked in a "Provost" Porringer, and eaten with a "Provost" Spoon: result—Perfect Porridge!

R. ROBINSON & SONS, ANNAN, N.B.



MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY.



he's got any particular concern about Church matters, you may call me a—a—Martin!"

"That's all very well, Ma'am," put in John à Hall, as soon as he could make himself heard for the laughing. "But it don't account for the Major."

"'Twasn't meant to, my son," snapped Kitty, by this time in high good humour over her success as a public speaker. "But you started to talk about poison, so I thought I'd correct 'ee before you made a second goose of yourself over kidnapping."

But just at this moment a couple of men came running and shouting from the far end of the street.

"We've found 'em! We've found 'em!"

"Where is he to?" and "I told you so!" cried John à Hall and Kitty both in one breath.

"He's over 'pon the Island, making love to Mrs. Lebow's youngest daughter, Lally! The tide's cut 'em off; but Arch'laus Trebilcock's put off to fetch 'em home in his new boat!"

I've heard tell that Kitty took it steady as a regiment. It must have been a dreadful moment for her, the laughter turning on a sudden against her. But she stood for a while, and then to the surprise of everyone, she lifted her head and smiled with the best. Then she caught old Polsue's eye, who was watching her as only a parson can, and like a woman, she fixed on him as the man to answer.

"I reckon I can trust a daughter o' mine," says she.

It must have been nervous work for her, though, as they brought the pair along the street: and poor Lally didn't help her much by looking a picture of shame. But the Major stepped along gaily and up to the platform; and I'll warrant a tier of guns there couldn't have tried a man's courage worse.

"I humbly beg your pardon, Madam. The tide cut us off while I was engaged in persuading your daughter to accept my hand. I cannot tell you"—here he let fly a lover's glance at Lally—"if the delay helped me. But she has accepted me, Ma'am, and with your leave we shall be the happiest couple in England."

They do say that Mrs. Lebow's hand went up to box the poor girl's ears. But the Bottrells had wits as well as breed, one and all: and it ended by her giving the Major two fingers and dropping him one of those curtseys that I've described to you already.

Ay, and the cream of the fun was that, what with her public speaking for one party and giving her daughter to the other, the doubtful voters couldn't for the life of them tell how to please her. "I'll vote, if you please, for Mrs. Lebow," said more than one of them, "if you'll tell me which side she's for." And I suppose that gave Newte his chance. At any rate, he returned Lord William and Major Dyngwall as polling 85 and 127 against Doctor Macann 42 and Mr. Saule 36. And so Miss Lally became a Member of Parliament's wife and rode in her coach.

"Indeed, and I'm sorry for Macann," said Kitty that night, as she untied her bonnet-strings: "but taking one thing with another, it's long since I've had such an enjoyable day."

THE END.

A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge,
most agreeable to take.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON,

FOR
CONSTIPATION,
Hæmorrhoids,
Bile, Headache,
Loss of Appetite,
Gastric and Intestinal Troubles.

67, SOUTHWARK BRIDGE RD., London, S.E.
Sold by all Chemists.—A Box 2s. 6d.

The *Lancet*, Oct. 12, 1880, says: "The medicament most pleasant to children, the Tamar Indien, is absent. An aperient which is as good as a bonbon from Boissier or Siraudin is so typical of French refinement and elegance in the little things of life that it certainly should have held a prominent place."



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Towels**

**SANITARY,
ABSORBENT,
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The Original and Best
IN PACKETS (containing
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6d. to 2s. each.
From all Drapers,
Ladies' Outfitters, and
Chemists.
Absolutely Necessary
for Health & Comfort.
BEWARE OF SPURIOUS
IMITATIONS.
The Greatest Modern
Improvement for
Women's Comfort.
A SAMPLE PACKET
containing three size
0, and one each size 1,
2, and 4 Towels, will be
sent post free for eight
stamps on application
to the LADY MAN-
AGER, 17, Bull Street,
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DINNEFORD'S
The Best Remedy for
ACIDITY of the STOMACH, HEARTBURN,
HEADACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION,
and Safest Aperient for Delicate Constitutions, Ladies,
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**SURVIVAL OF
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ADVANTAGES:
Outside Heater.
Adjustable Seat.
Bather is not fastened
to Cabinet.

All the delights
and benefits of hot
air, vapour, medi-
cated, & perfumed
baths, can be enjoyed privately
at home. Nothing else accom-
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OXFORD ST. and REGENT ST.

BEST SHEFFIELD MAKE.

REAL HAMBURG GROUND.

KROPP RAZOR

ENGLISH MANUFACTURE.

ALWAYS READY
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BLACK HANDLE,
5/6 EACH.

EACH RAZOR IN A CASE.

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KROPP RAZORS IN RUSSIA LEATHER CASES.

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PAIR IN CASE	18/-	21/-
FOUR "	32/6	40/-
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13 1/2 INCHES RUSSIA LEATHER AND PREPARED CANVAS 7/6 EACH.

KROPP SHAVING STICK

FOR TRAVELLERS.
IN HANDSOME METAL
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KROPP SHAVING BRUSHES

BEST BADGER HAIR.
5/6 ... 7/6 ... 10/6 each.

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SCOTCH
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"BLACK & WHITE"
WHISKY.



To HRH. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT

FRUIT SEEDS ROSES

NOTHING SO PROFITABLE
AND EASY TO GROW.
80 Acres of Saleable Trees.

THE BEST PROCURABLE.
Lists Free.

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS.
Bushes in variety. Packing and
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Ornamental Trees, 91 Acres.
A Superb Collection of
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Four Acres of Glass,
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Send for Illustrated Pamphlet.

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BOX, filled with finest Sweets
fresh from the Factory.
A. FERGUSON
Melbourne Place, Edinburgh.

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A BRIGHT NEW YEAR TO EVERYONE.

Make the New Year Bright ;
MONKEY BRAND will help you.

Make it bright by making home bright ;
MONKEY BRAND will help you.

Make it bright by making your work light ;
MONKEY BRAND will help you.

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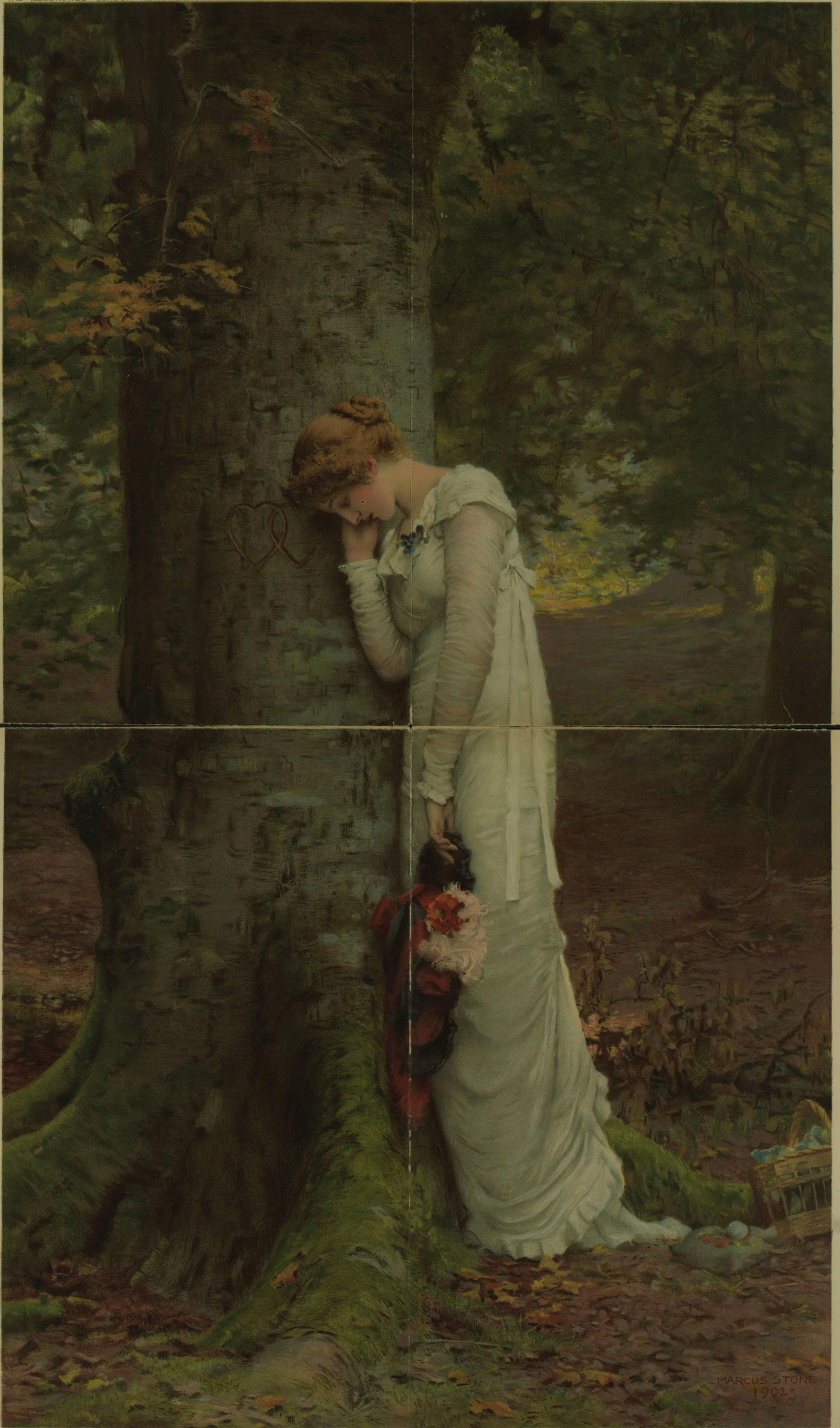
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HORATIO SPARKINS ("Sketches by Boz")	Fred Barnard	11 by 17	30 by 20	—	—	1 1 0	10 6
TALLY HO!	T. C. Garland	13 by 18	22 by 30	1 11 6	200	1 1 0	10 6
A-HUNTING WE WILL GO	T. C. Garland	12½ by 17	22 by 30	1 11 6	200	1 1 0	10 6
FISHING FOR JACK	D. Downing	14 by 16¾	22 by 30	1 11 6	200	1 1 0	10 6
DANGER	D. Downing	17 by 11½	30 by 20	1 11 6	200	1 1 0	10 6
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NOW FOR THE BABY DOGS	Fred Morgan	11 by 17	20 by 30	1 11 6	200	1 1 0	10 6
LATE FOR SCHOOL	A. J. Elsley	12½ by 17	20 by 30	1 11 6	200	1 1 0	10 6
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THE CROWNING OF H.M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA	A. M. Faulkner	16 by 11	30 by 20	1 1 0	200	—	10 6
H.M. KING EDWARD VII. AS COLONEL-IN-CHIEF OF 10TH HUSSARS	H. W. Koekkoek . . .	12½ by 17	24 by 35	2 2 0	200	1 11 6	1 1 0
THE FIRST CABINET OF KING EDWARD VII. (With Key)	S. Begg	19 by 12	30 by 20	1 1 0	200	—	10 6
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H.M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA	S. Begg	13 by 21	32 by 22	1 1 0	200	—	10 6
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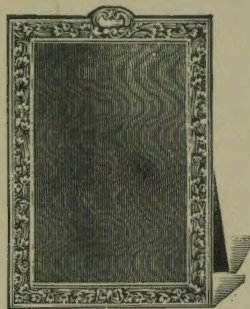
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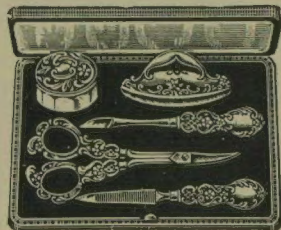
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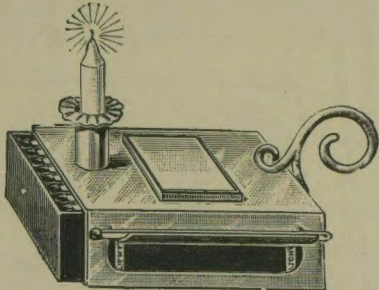
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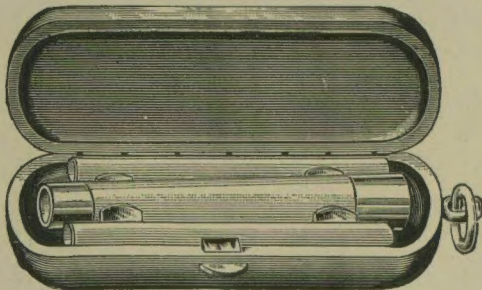
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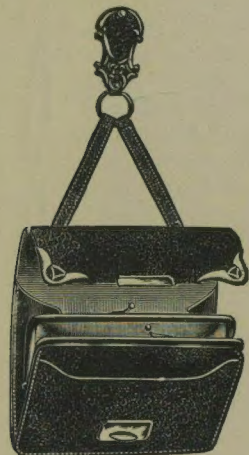
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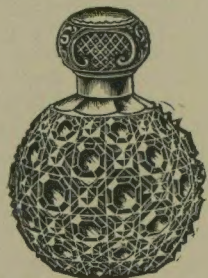
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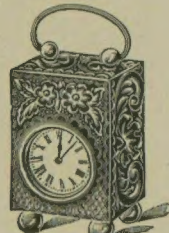


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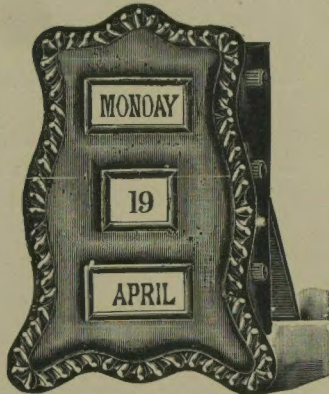


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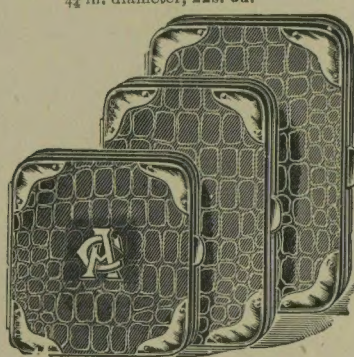
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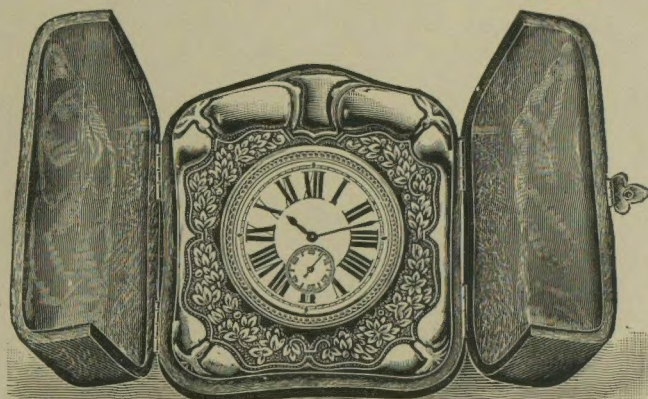
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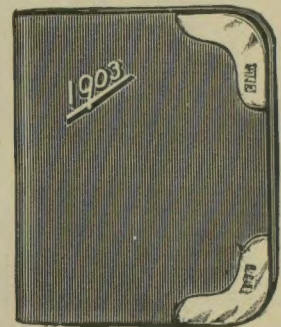
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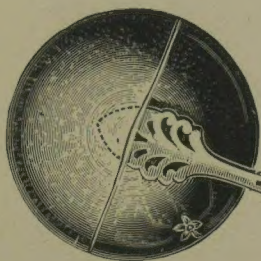
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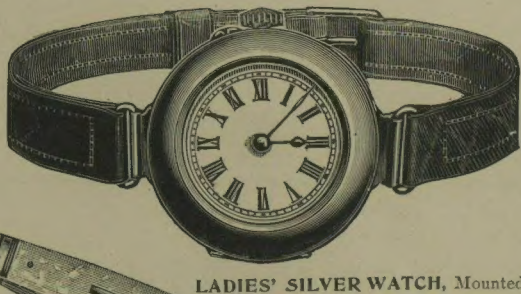
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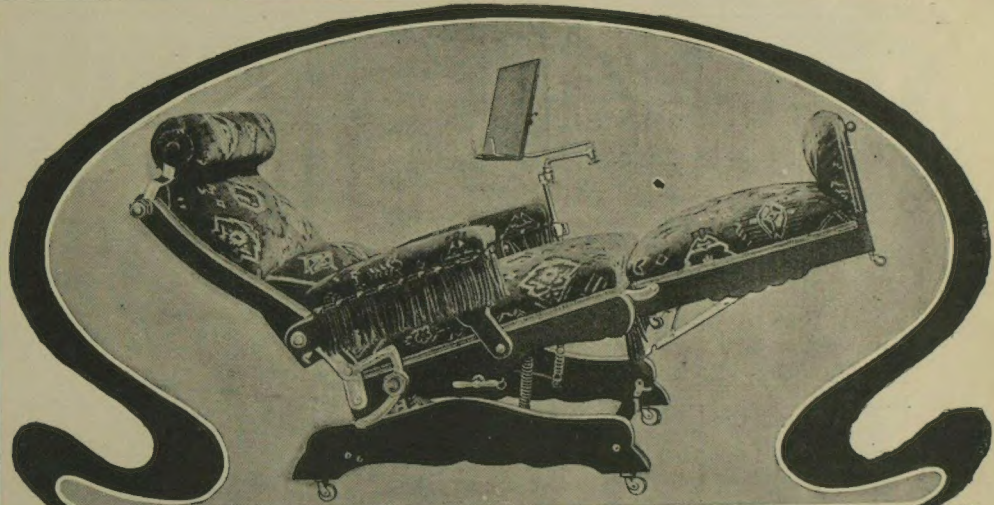


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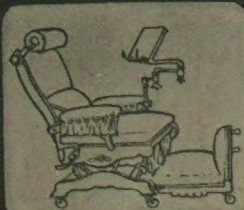
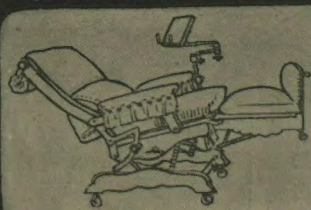
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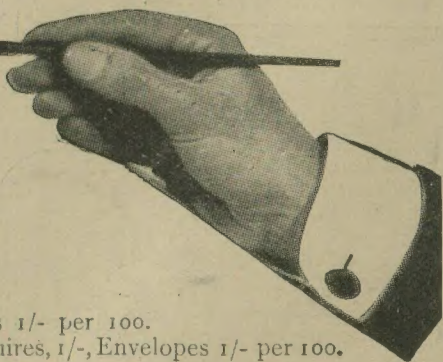
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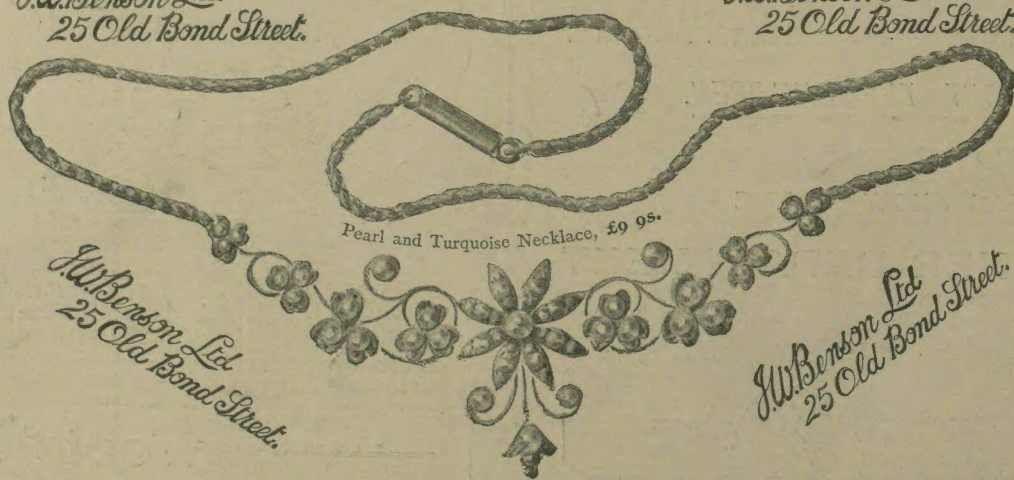
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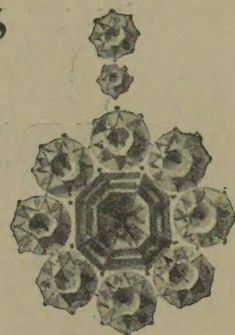


Pearl and Turquoise Necklace, £9 9s.

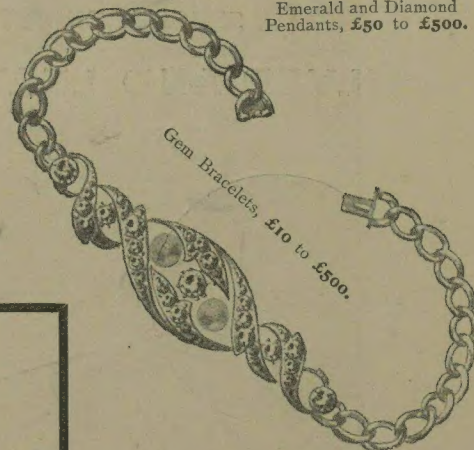
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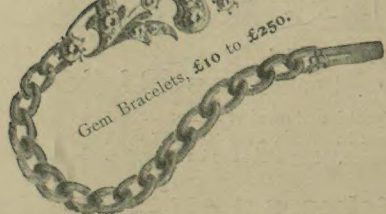
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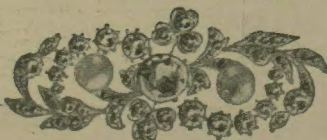
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